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SOME DAY.

You smooth the tangles from my hair
With gentle touch and tenderest care,
And count the years ere you shall mark
Bright silver threads among the dark—
Smiling the while to hear me say,
"You'll think of this again some day—
Some day!"

I do not scorn the power of time,
Nor count on years of fadeless prime;
But no white gleams will ever shine
Among these heavy locks of mine.
Ay, laugh as gayly as you may,
You'll think of this again some day—
Some day!

Some day I shall not feel as now,
Your soft hands move about my brow;
I shall not slight your right commands,
And draw your tresses through my hands;
I shall be silent and obey—
And you—you will not laugh that day—
Some day!

I know how long your loving hands
Will linger with these glossy bands,
When you shall weave my latest crown
Of their thick masses, long and brown;
But you will see no touch of gray
Adorn their shining length that day—
Some day!

And while your tears are falling hot
Upon the lips which answer not,
You'll take from these one treasured tress
And leave the rest to silentness—
Remember that I used to say,
"You'll think of this again some day—
Some day!"

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH-WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF THE "WHITE SLAVE," "PHANTOM OF THE FOREST," &c.

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CHAPTER XVII.

IN THE LION'S DEN.

A loud knock, or ring, in the dead hours of night, is always a startling thing to a sleeping household, for it may mean danger, sickness, or death, and seldom fails to be for something pressing and important.

All were not asleep, however, on that eventful night, in the dwelling of Captain Sebastian—for scarcely had the echoes of Caleb's thundering knocks ceased sounding, when a window was suddenly thrown up, and the sharp voice of the Captain himself demanded:

"Who is there?"

"It's me," replied Caleb, with a kind of innocent simplicity.

"And who in —— is me?" was again the sharp demand.

"Why, Caleb Stebbins, of course."

"I am no wiser now than I was before."

"Great ginger! why, don't you know me?" Jehoshaphat! wal, I snum! Why, I'm one of them are chaps that you—if you're Captain Sebastian, and I spect you be, from the sound of your voice, for I can a'most al'ays tell a feller by his voice—I'm one of them are chaps, I say, you was once agoing to put to death, and who's ben a living at Colonel Brandon's ever sence."

"Oh yes, the Yankee—I know you now. Well, sir, as this is a rather unreasonable hour and night to be abroad in, on a mere friendly visit or pleasure excursion, will you do me the favor to state your business?"

"I've got a letter for you, that's all; and if I stand out here much longer, in this ere rain, I guess it 'll git wet all through—leastways I know I shall."

"Certainly a pretty good hint to be asked inside!" returned the Captain, in a tone which seemed to indicate that he was more amused than angry. "All in due order, my friend. These are times when we have to be cautious—for I understand there are a great many bad men prowling about, and one scarcely knows whom to trust."

"Jerusalem!" exclaimed Caleb; "d'you spect there's any about here neow?"

"There may be, for all I know to the contrary."

"You don't spect I'm one, do you?"

"Hardly. But who is your letter from?"

"Guess maybe if you'd read it you'd be able to tell."

"Who sent it?"

"Colonel Brandon sent me with it; but I don' know whether it's from him, or that are darn scamp of a Spaniard they've got there."

"Are you alone?"

"Wal, I guess I don't happen to see nobody round."

"Wait, and I will let you in."

I heard the window close, and then I fancied I could detect low voices speaking inside.

"Remember, Stebbins, not to mention having seen me, as you value your life!" I whispered, taking hold of his arm to impress it more particularly upon him. "Take notice of every thing and person you see, and be in no hurry to get away. I shall soon be with you."

"I won't forgit, Doctor—all right."

I now heard steps approaching within, and I glided away, along side of the house, lest a ray of light should stream out upon me at the opening of the door. When the door was at length opened, it was a strange voice that bade Caleb Stebbins enter.

After that I heard nothing more, except the roar of the storm, which gradually increased in fury, till I sounded the knocker myself, some fifteen minutes later. Again the window was raised, and the voice of Sebastian demanded:

"Who is there?"

"Leslie Walbridge, at your service, Captain."

"Ha, Doctor, is it you?"

"Unfortunately for myself it is."

"Are you alone?"

"Quite."

"Excuse me one question more while I keep you waiting: do you bring me any alarming intelligence, that you are here at this hour?"

"No, I have merely come to inquire about my friend, Ernest La Grange."

"Ha! yes! wait a moment!"

The window closed, and shortly after the door opened slightly, and the same voice that had spoken to Caleb, invited me to enter also.

I was conducted at once to the apartment, in the second story, from which I had first seen the glimmer of light. It was a small, square room, neatly furnished, something between a sitting-room and library. On a round table, surrounded by a few books, loose papers and writing materials, stood a large globe lamp, giving out a clear, soft light. There were a couple of sofas in the room, some three or four easy-chairs, and a number of pictures around the walls. Captain Sebastian, in dressing-gown and slippers, was carelessly seated before a genial fire, which had been kindled in a small fire-place, probably to drive away the night-damps, for the weather was not really cold.

I was surprised to find no other person in the room—not even Stebbins, who I knew had not left the house. Perhaps the Captain fancied I was surprised, for he certainly eyed me keenly, if not suspiciously, as he rose and shook hands with me, and placed a seat for me before the cheerful blaze.

"A disagreeable storm has set in, and you are quite wet, Doctor," he said; "pray sit down and dry yourself. Fortunately I can offer you the unusual luxury for the season of a pleasant fire, for I have been sitting up late, attending to some business matters, and did not like the damp, chilly feel of the air. I think you said you were alone?"

"Yes, and I must crave pardon for paying you so unseasonable a visit; but the fact is, my friend Ernest not having returned home as expected, and his father having become uneasy at his absence, I have come over to make some inquiries about him."

"Really," he answered, with a look in keeping with the words, "you half alarm me, for I have neither seen nor heard of him since he rode out with my daughter Flora."

"And has she not returned?"

"Not to my knowledge. I will be sure, however."

He turned to the table and rung a small bell; and the servant—a well-dressed, good-looking mulatto—the same who had admitted me—immediately answered it.

"Miss Flora, where is she? has she come home?" he demanded.

"No, sir, she's not come yet, sir?" was the answer, in a tone and accent very little like the ordinary negroes.

"Is it not strange, Henry? ought she not to be here now?"

Was it fancy on my part, or was there really a significant glance exchanged between master and slave? I was not sure; but I could not help thinking they understood each other very well.

"I don't reckon there's anything to alarm, sir!" replied Henry; "for she rid out with Dr. La Grange, to see old Mrs. Blodget, who got took sudden, and she might not think best to come away to-night."

"Who is this Mrs. Blodget?" I inquired.

"I know her very well," answered Captain Sebastian; "a poor widow woman, whose husband died last spring. She lives in a cabin, on a piece of land I gave her, about four or five miles from here. If Ernest and Flora have gone to her house, we have nothing to fear; for if Flora found her very sick, she has probably remained to nurse her. Dear heart, she is very charitable."

"At least I know they said they were going to visit some old woman about that distance away from here," returned I, "and it is a great relief to me to find you think they have met with no misfortune. The fact of my returning alone, and Ernest not making his appearance at all, at last caused his father so much uneasiness that I volunteered to ride over here and endeavor to ascertain the cause of his absence."

"Well, you are satisfied now?"

"As well as I can be without seeing him."

"Flora will hardly run away with him!" said the Captain, with a laugh that I did not like.

"I did not fear that," I rejoined; "but I thought it possible he might have met with some accident on his way home."

Where was Caleb Stebbins all this time? I had expected to meet him here; but of course I could not say so—could not inquire about him—for that would make known the fact that we had met, and might excite some troublesome suspicions. Had he delivered his letter? and what did that letter contain? I knew it was the wish of Colonel Brandon to lure Captain Sebastian to his house and there arrest him. But would he succeed? Might not the scheming Captain know more than we supposed and outwit us? Was there a design against Ernest? would there be one against me? I began to feel uneasy.

"By-the-by, when did you see Colonel Brandon last?" he asked, as if the question had come up without reflection, and was merely put for something to say; but I noticed that his keen, black eyes were fixed very searchingly upon my face.

"Not since yesterday," I answered boldly, though I felt at the time that I was blushing.

I had told the literal truth—for it was then past midnight—but I knew I had not answered the question according to the meaning of the interrogator, and I was almost certain he would see it in my face, which perhaps he did. I was in hopes he would let the matter drop, but he did not.

"I remember," he pursued, "you left him here yesterday. You have not seen him since then, you mean?"

His eyes were searching me; I saw he had a motive for his question; but I would not tell a direct falsehood.

"If I were under oath, perhaps I should not say I had not seen him since I met him here," I replied. "But why do you ask? have you a particular motive for the question?"

"I asked," he replied, with a shrug, "because I happened to think of it; but you seem to have a motive for not answering."

"Then, sir, to make as few words of the matter as possible, I will say I *have* seen him since I was here."

"And you had some conversation about me?"

"Well, suppose we had?"

"You would not like to repeat that conversation to me perhaps?"

"I know no good reason why I should."

"But several why you should not?"

"I did not say that."

"I did."

"To what is all this tending, Captain Sebastian?" I inquired, feeling almost certain his suspicions were aroused, and that he really knew more than he was disposed to declare.

"It tends to this," he replied, with a peculiar look, "that I think you have some design in this visit, at this hour, which you have not disclosed to me."

"I can honestly say, Captain Sebastian," I quietly rejoined, "that my sole object, in coming here to-night, was to learn what has become of Ernest La Grange."

"I have told you all I know."

"Then I believe I have no further business here, and will not longer trespass upon your time," I said, rising and preparing to take my leave.

"Do not be in haste!" he returned, with an expression I did not like. "Pray sit down again, Doctor! I wish to ask you a few more questions."

"You will oblige me then by being as brief as possible!" said I, still keeping my standing position; "for it is my intention to return forthwith and acquaint Mr. La Grange with what I have heard, hoping it may relieve his mind of all fear for his son's safety."

"When did you last see your travelling companion, the inquisitive Yankee, who has of late been sojourning at Colonel Brandon's?"

"I have not seen him since I was here yesterday," I replied.

In this I told the truth; for I had not seen him—though I had *spoken* to him—the night being too dark for sight.

He looked at me searchingly, as he rejoined: "Perhaps you will be surprised then to learn he has been here to-night!"

"I cannot say I am overwhelmed with astonishment at the fact, if fact it be, since I know no reason why he might not have come if so disposed!" I answered, with a sort of careless irony. "He is certainly big enough to come, and come alone at that."

"Yes, he has been here, and brought me a rather curious letter!" said the Captain, still eyeing me sharply.

"Indeed? Well, sir, does the letter concern me?"

"Perhaps you may be concerned in the letter—it is that I wish to find out."

"Well, sir, let me see the letter, and then perhaps I can tell you whether I am or not. At least I can say this to begin with, that I have had no hand in writing any letter, and did not know that any was going to be sent to you to-night."

"You are sure on that point?"

"Quite, sir!"

"The letter is from your friend, the Spaniard, Diego Gomez."

"*My* friend?" exclaimed I. "Why do you call him *my* friend? Do you wish to insult me?"

"Oh, then you are not *friends*, eh?" returned Sebastian, with a kind of devilish smile. "Excuse me! I had forgot."

"From some cause, sir," I said, rather sternly, "you seem disposed to be facetious at my expense! I do not altogether understand you! I trust you are not seeking to quarrel with me again?"

"It would be a sorry business for you, Dr. Walbridge, if I *should* quarrel with you again!" rejoined the Captain, in a cool, half-insolent manner. "Although, for reasons unnecessary to mention now, I sent you a written apology yesterday, I have not *forgotten* the fact that you put a very serious stigma upon me, in the presence of a large crowd, on the night of the tragedy."

"And did I not return you a written apology in answer to yours?"

"But did that clear me of suspicion in the minds of my enemies?"

"It is not in my power to help that now, sir."

"I know it, and therefore the stigma remains."

"But if not true, why should you fear it?"

"*If* not true indeed!" he sneered. "Why you speak as if you thought it *might be true* after all!"

"I see you are disposed to catch up every inadvertent word of mine, and put the worst construction on it!" said I, with a conviction that matters were rapidly approaching a crisis.

I began to feel that I was really in the lion's den—perhaps completely in the power of a man wicked enough for any deed; and though resolved to be bold and firm, I could not but wish myself safely out of the dwelling—a free man in the dark and driving storm.

"To come back to the letter!" said Sebastian, without replying to my last remark. "It is from the prisoner, Diego Gomez, and was sent over here to-night, at this late hour, by Colonel Brandon."

"At this late hour, say you? Then the messenger has just come?"

"He only preceded you a few minutes."

"Where is he now then?"

"Perhaps he has gone back—perhaps gone to bed—perhaps he is taking some refreshments in another apartment! I cannot see what that has to do with the matter in question."

"Only that if Mr. Stebbins is here, I should like to see him."

"Well, perhaps you may be gratified before you leave!" returned the Captain, with another devilish smile. "But to the point. This letter, I say, is from Diego Gomez—at least it purports to be, and has his name signed at the bottom. In it he says that he believes himself to be dying—that the surgeon has declared he cannot live many hours—that he desires to see me before he goes his long journey; and he requests me to come to him with all speed, this very night—threatening, if I fail to be with him by daylight, to disclose something that will get me into trouble. Now then, Dr. Walbridge," pursued the Captain, with his keen, black eyes as it were searching my very soul, "as I am an honest man myself, living in a tolerably honest community, having no fear of the law nor my fellow man, I do not see why I should leave my comfortable quarters, on a night like this, to go a disagreeable journey, to please any dying scoundrel, and more especially under the spur of a threat! What do you think about it?"

"I think you should judge and decide for yourself—it is no affair of mine."

"Why does Colonel Brandon want me to come to his house to-night?"

"Does he want you to come?"

"Why else has he sent for me?"

"He may have felt it to be his duty to send to you in all haste the message of a dying man."

"But is he dying, Doctor?"

"I know nothing about it beyond what you have told me."

"Did Colonel Brandon say nothing to you about it when you last saw him?"

"He did not."

"Did he not mention that he would like to see me?"

"He might have done that."

"But said nothing about the dying of Gomez?"

"Nothing."

"Then you see, Doctor, from your own mouth I establish this important fact: that Colonel Brandon desired to see me before he knew this man to be dying; and yet the only request for my presence there comes from the latter: this, to say the least, looks suspicious."

"What then do you suspect?" asked I.

"What do you suppose?"

"How should I know?"

"You certainly come from a region where people are said to be good at guessing, and so you ought to be able to guess. But sit down, Doctor—sit down!"

"I thank you, I must be going."

"Nay, I insist! Pray, oblige me!"

I took the proffered seat; and Sebastian, turning full upon me, continued:

"What good fortune sent you here to-night, Doctor? Would you believe it, I had been wishing for this very thing just before you came; and when I heard your voice below, I could hardly credit my senses!"

"Why, Captain Sebastian, this is strange language!" I returned, in surprise, and at a loss to know what he meant.

"Yes, I wanted to see you so much—to ask you some important questions!" he smiled—that smile that was so glitteringly cold and wicked—that smile that seemed so much more to be feared than a frown.

"Proceed then!" said I, with a feeling of more uneasiness and alarm than I should have been willing to confess to him.

"Yes," he pursued, "I am almost certain you can give me information that no other can, or at least that no other will. But first to see that we have no listeners!"

He rose, as if to approach the door; but being the nearest to it, I sprung up, and, before he could detain me, threw it open.

I started at seeing the mulatto standing before it, and, just behind him, a short, stout, thick-set white man, with a full, bronzed face, heavy whiskers and eyebrows, and dressed in a rough, careless manner.

"I beg pardon, sir! I was just agoing to knock, sir!" said Henry, the mulatto. "Master, here's a gentleman wants to see you!"

"Walk in, sir!" said the Captain, politely. "Ha! Mr. Moncton," he pursued, meeting the new-comer near the door, "I am glad to see you! this is quite an unexpected pleasure. Dr. Walbridge, Mr. Moncton!"

"Happy to know you, sir!" said Mr. Moncton, in a half-polite, off-hand manner.

I started, with a strange thrill; the voice was peculiar and I recognized it; it was the voice of Blake, one of the leaders of the desperadoes!

CHAPTER XVIII.

ESCAPING THE TOILS.

In my mind there was no longer any doubt. This man Moncton was Blake, and Sebastian was Guido. Captain and Lieutenant had met, and I was in their power.

As there had been no knocking since my entrance, I had the right to infer that Moncton was in the dwelling before me, and that this meeting between him and the host was a piece of preconcerted acting to deceive me. The intercepted letter had stated that the writer was about to visit the chief; the writer, as I knew from Cato, was Blake; and Blake, or somebody who had his voice, was here. I had suspected that Blake might be here when I first saw the light; and if so in fact, then there had been a little plot arranged against me, between the time of my knocking and being admitted.

But a plot of what kind? Did it involve liberty, or life, or both? If these were the men I believed them to be, they were bold, reckless villains, who would stop at no crime necessary to their own preservation. The whole course of conduct, manner and conversation of Captain Sebastian, since my entrance, tended to convince me that he was not only the chief of the bandits, but that he believed both Colonel Brandon and myself either suspected or had proof of his being so. Perhaps his design now was to seize and murder me at once.

What had become of Stebbins? why had he been removed? and why were this Moncton and the mulatto waiting at the door when I so suddenly threw it open? and why had the Captain suspected he might have listeners, unless he knew they were there and intended thus to bring them in upon me?

These were startling thoughts, that flashed through my brain in a moment, and I glanced quickly around to see what chance there was for me to escape in case my worst fears should be confirmed. There seemed little hope, except through the window, and only there unless I should burst out at the first leap. The room was in the second story, and, with perfect success in the attempt to plunge through the sash, the fall might break my limbs or neck, and yet any risk was better than being murdered where I was.

Captain Sebastian had risen at the same time with myself, and was now standing before the fire; and Moncton, having entered and closed the door, now stood with his back against it—not as if purposely to prevent my egress—but rather as if waiting to see what might next be required of him.

I did not like his look—believing, as I did, that he was the man I had once foiled. It was not that it was so very villainous, but rather so determined. I had seen worse faces in respectable society; it was not fiendish; it was not unusually vindictive; a piteous appeal, under certain circumstances, might reach his heart much quicker than that of his master; his nature was more open, more candid, and less deceitful than Sebastian's; but there was a certain quickness of decision, energy of action, and fixedness of purpose, expressed in the whole countenance, which warned me that in him might be found a very formidable and dangerous antagonist. He did not look fiercely at me, nor yet in a very friendly manner; but rather like one who was preparing himself to be governed by what should follow—something as an officer of justice might be supposed to look at a criminal he had just taken into custody.

"Come, Doctor," said Captain Sebastian, in an easy, careless tone, "take a seat. I am not afraid to talk before my friend here. Come, Moncton, sit down."

"After the Doctor!" nodded Moncton, with a peculiar look.

"Oh, never mind ceremony, gentlemen."

"Thank you," I answered politely, but firmly, "I have no further time to sit to-night. I must be going!"

"Not in this storm?" said Sebastian, with a peculiar glance at Moncton, who still remained with his back against the door.

"Yes, sir, even in this storm!" I answered, taking occasion to work up, with the hand furthest from the two men, the butts of my pistols, so that I could quickly bring them into use in case of necessity.

"I have not yet done with my questions!" said the Captain.

"Then suppose you defer them till we meet again!"

"No, I prefer to put them now."

"Sir," said I, in a tone there was no need of mistaking, "I came here in good faith, to see about my friend, Ernest La Grange, and, unless detained by force, I shall leave now!"

"You will hardly leave before we learn something about the negro you carried off—eh! Moncton?"

"What negro?" said I, not certain the Captain did not refer to Sam, who it will be remembered I took away from the ferry at the bayou.

"What is his name, Moncton?"

"Cato," he replied, looking at me in a peculiar way.

I understood it all now. Not only were all my previous conjectures concerning these men confirmed, but they in turn knew more than I had suspected of my own doings. Somebody had certainly seen me carrying off Cato, and they must of course know that the letter intended for Hornet had fallen into the hands of Colonel Brandon; and consequently Captain Sebastian would have good reason for mistrusting the letter he had received, and the motive of the chief of the Regulators in sending it to him in such haste.

But what was my proper course now? Comprehending everything in an instant, I knew the danger in which I stood, and the little time that would be left me for action. I was in the toils, and how could I break through them? These men certainly had a design on my liberty, if not my life; and in another minute, or less time, I might be beyond the power of resistance. I felt my situation to be desperate; and thought, at such a crisis so rapid in its scope, embraced many things in the twinkling of an eye. One impulse was, to draw my pistols and shoot down the two men before me; another to try the window for escape. I chose the latter; and with a couple of bounds, before either of my foes had time to comprehend my purpose, much less to take measures against it, I had thrown my whole weight against the sash. It gave way, with a tremendous crash of snapping wood and jingling glass, and I went through it, out into the night and storm, down, down, till I struck heavily upon the earth below, half-stunned and bewildered and much cut and bruised.

"Quick! quick! follow him! don't let him escape!" I now heard shouted in the voice of Sebastian.

I had not lost my presence of mind, and I knew that my life depended upon my escape in the darkness. Exerting all my physical powers, I now got upon my feet, with my head reeling and a sick feeling in my stomach. I might be internally injured, but I thanked God that no bones were broken; and I began to stagger away, running as fast as I could into the black storm—I knew not in what direction—urged on by the noise behind me.

Soon my foot struck against some object, and I fell heavily. My sickness and faintness now increased to such a degree that I felt it would be useless to attempt a further flight at the time, and I remained where I was, praying Heaven I might not be discovered.

I heard Sebastian, and Moncton, alias Blake, in their search for me, cursing and swearing.

"The —— scoundrel has got away again!" cried Sebastian.

"He's got the nine lives of the cat, by ——!" growled Blake.

"We must have him at any cost! Here, Henry, quick! light three or four lanterns, and start out all the boys in the house, and let loose a couple of the blood-hounds! Stir yourself now! But hark you! first look in the —— Yankee!"

"Great ginger! not as you knows on, Mister!" I heard shouted back, in the voice of Caleb Stebbins; and, sick and bruised as I was, my heart beat fast with the hope that the honest fellow might be able to make his escape and tell the tale, even should I fail to do so.

"Seize him! seize him, Henry!" was shouted to the negro.

"I've got him, Master—I've got him!" was replied. "Here! here! quick! quick!"

"Let go, darkey, or I'll make a hole clean through ye!" shouted Stebbins.

"Hold on, boy! hold on, just two seconds, and I'll fix him!" exclaimed Blake.

At this moment I saw a dim flash, and heard the crack of a pistol, followed by a wild yell. Then the loud voices became so mingled that I could not distinguish what was said. A minute after, footsteps approached me rapidly. Then something struck against me, and a human body pitched headlong over me.

"Darn it all to damnation!" I heard Caleb exclaim, as he scrambled to his feet to pursue his flight.

"Hallo, Stebbins! don't desert your friend Walbridge!" cried I.

"Hallo! snakes! great ginger! Jerusalem! Jehoshaphat! is this ere you, Doctor?"

"Yes, I am hurt. For God's sake, assist me to escape from these villains!"

Fortunately the wind blew toward us from the house, so that we could hear the voices of persons there without ours being heard in return.

"I'll du all I can for ye, I snum to Guinea!" was Caleb's answer, as he felt me out in the darkness. "How be you hurt, Doctor? And what in thunder's the matter any how? I don't understand things at all. I wouldn't wonder now if I've shot that are nigger, that tried to hold me, putty bad. But what could I du? I's afeared of murder or so'thing!"

"And you were right, my friend: you would have been murdered, if you had not escaped, and myself too. But this is no time and place to talk; we are in danger here. Help me up. There—so! Now let me lean on you, and let us both get away from here as quick as possible! Do you know where you left your horse?"

"Don't know a dern thing about nothing, I snum! I's never more turned round and confusticated in my life, I tell you! I don't know a single p'int of compass from a stack of black cats!"

"Well, let us go on, and put distance between us and our foes: that is the main thing now."

For the next half-hour but little more was said. We travelled on through the increasing storm, thanking God for the darkness that was shielding us from our enemies, and the rain that was obliterating our steps and destroying the scent of our trail.

My leap from the window had given my system a severe shock; and this, together with my loss of rest, the fatigue of long rides and great anxiety, ending in alarm, had put me in a very poor condition for making much progress on foot. At times I would feel very faint and sick, and then would revive a little, and fancy the worst was past.

At length I resolved to take some rest. Coming to a wood, I felt out a large tree; and putting it between me and the driving rain, I sat down, with my back against it. It was not my intention to remain here any longer than necessary—though whether I should gain anything by wandering about, I knew not whither, was a question I was not prepared to answer.

It was curious to reflect how fast events had been crowding together for me in the last two days—momentous events, too, that concerned many others as well as myself. It was only the night before that I had gone to Captain Sebastian's, one among the gayest and happiest, and now I was wandering through the country, in darkness and storm, anxious to preserve my own life and save the community from the evil designs of our then honored host. As I looked back over the intervening time, it seemed rather like years than hours, and I could hardly realize that I had been blessed with only one short sleep since then. It summed up, too, what months and years might not have given of things to be remembered—some to be treasured. The ride thither with the girl of my heart; the joyous throng; the many bright eyes, lovely faces, and beautiful forms; the lively conversation, sweet music and gay dance; the trial games between honesty and knavery; the fearful tragedy; the insult and retaliation; the serious ride homeward and confession of love; the capture of the murderer; the suspicion; the father's consent; the inquest; the apology; the strange discovery of the villain's plot; my narrow escape from the ruffians; the rousing up of the country; the loss of my friend, the ride to find him, and all the strange adventures of the last two hours: the remembrance of all these, in their order, in the brief time of their action, now came over me more like some dream of romance than a reality.

But there were some things yet I wanted more clearly to understand, and I proceeded to question my companion, who, by the way, I should state, was not altogether easy in his mind since shooting the negro.

"What happened to you, Mr. Stebbins," said I, "after you left me and entered the mansion of Captain Sebastian before we were so singularly brought together again?"

"Wal, nothing to skeer, I should say!" he answered. "The nigger he took me up into the Captain's room there, and there was another chap sot reading. I gin the Captain the letter; and arter he'd read it through, he gin it to t'other chap, and axed him what he thought about it. Then they axed me a whole lot of questions, about this ere, and that are, and t'other, and so on, till I got a'most tired of answering 'em."

"And what were some of these questions?"

"Wal, they wanted to know who'd ben tu Colonel's Brandon's house through the day, and who he'd got there now, and sich like."

"Did you mention my name to them?"

"Wal, yes, I did, Doctor, afore I thought—though I didn't say nothing 'bout me and you meeting down there tu the door."

"Did you say anything about the negro I had taken to Colonel Brandon's?"

"Wal, yes, I guess likely I did say so'thing about him, 'cause I remember they axed me his name, and I told 'em I thought it was Cato."

"How did you know that?"

"I don't know—I expect somebody or other must have told me."

"And how did they look, and what did they say, when you mentioned the negro's name?"

"Wal, I guess, come to think on't, they looked putty queer at each other; and they axed me a good many questions about what he said and done, and where he'd been put, and all that are—which I didn't know nothing about—and, what's more, didn't care—for the nigger wa'n't none of my consarn."

I perceived now, after hearing Stebbins's story, that it would have been been much better for me had I had my interview with Sebastian first—though, even then, perhaps some foul play would have been afoot before I should have got away from the two villains.

"Well, passing over their questions, what happened next?" I pursued.

"In the middle on't all, you knocked, you know; and arter Captain Sebastian had answered you, and found out who you was, he seemed plaguy anxious tu git me and t'other chap out of the way afore you'd see us."

"'Mr. Stebbins,' he said to me, dreadful polite like, 'I've got a little private business with Dr. Walbridge; and won't you jest oblege me, you and Mr.—Mr.——'"

"Moncton, was it?"

"Yes, that's it. 'Wouldn't we oblege him by stepping into another room for a few minutes, and he'd send us in so'thing good to eat and drink.' Of course we went."

"Was it an adjoining room?"

"No, it was down stairs."

"Did you get what was promised? and did Moncton remain with you?"

"Yes, the nigger fetched us in some good things, and I pitched right into 'em. I eat mostly, and Moncton he drinked."

"How long did he remain with you?"

"Wal, I don' know exactly; but he went out some time afore I heerd the racket."

"Did he say anything when he went out?"

"He told me tu wait—that he'd be back afore long."

"Well, what noise did you hear?"

"A regular rattling smash tu begin with, and then a hollering, and a thundering thrash-a-tobang down the stairs. I was skeered some, I'll allow—for I didn't know what it was—whether there was a fight, or the house afire, a 'arthquake, or what. I jumped up and blundered through tew or three rooms, and got to the door as soon's I could, and there I heerd the Captain tell the nigger to lock me in. I hollered back so'thing easey, and the nigger he grabbed me, and wouldn't let go; and then, afeard I was agoing to be murdered, I cuts with one of my pistols and lets him have it. Great ginger! it's awful to think on—shooting a feller being! I never done sich a thing afore, and I'm afeard it was kind o' like murder—hey?"

"No, it was justifiable under the circumstances. You have a right to defend yourself against murderers and assassins. If the negro had held you a minute longer, Moncton would have killed you like a dog."

"What for, Doctor? what had I done? And what d' you jump out of the winder for?"

"To save my life: I think they were about to murder me."

"Great ginger! you don't say so! I al'ays told you I didn't like Sebastian, but I never s'posed he was the kind of chap that 'ud want tu murder us in his own house."

"It is because we have got at his secret."

"What secret?"

"Who do you suppose he is now, Stebbins?"

"I don't know, I snum!"

"And who is Moncton?"

"I don't know that nother."

"Do you remember that fellow Blake, who commanded the party that kidnapped Miss Brandon?"

"I know who you mean—though I didn't see him, you know."

"Well, that Blake and this Moncton are one and the same."

"Snakes alive!" cried Caleb.

"Hush! not so loud!"

"Jerusalem ginger! you don't say so!"

"Yes, and the Captain of these desperadoes is Sebastian himself."

I now proceeded to tell the Yankee the whole story in as few words as possible—of my capture of the negro, and all that had occurred since to prove Sebastian the chief of the gang. I also told him of my night's adventures, and the fearful state of the country, with these bandits gathering to commit a series of horrible deeds.

"Here we are," I concluded, "no one knows where, and it is so important that we should be at Colonel Brandon's, to tell him what has happened and help him defend his dwelling in case of attack!"

"I jest wish I's out of the dern country altogether!" grumbled Caleb.

I was at a loss what to do—whether to remain where I was till daylight, or go on in the darkness—perhaps right—perhaps wrong.

As my faintness and sickness diminished, however, I found myself too restless to remain inactive, notwithstanding my great fatigue and loss of sleep; and so we once more set off together through the drenching rain.

We walked on over smooth ground, and stumbled over rough, for some two hours, when we met with an adventure so strange and remarkable that I must take another chapter to record it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Engine Driver.

When a man has a liking for anything, it's as good as being clever. In a very short time I became one of the best drivers on the line. That was allowed. I took a pride in it, you see, and liked it. No, I didn't know much about the engine, scientifically, as you call it; but I could put her to rights if any thing went out of gear—that is to say, if there was nothing broken—but I couldn't have explained how the steam worked inside. Starting an engine is just like drawing a drop of gin. You turn a handle, and off she goes, then you turn the handle the other way, put on the brakes, and you stop her. There's not much more in it so far. I'ts no good being scientific and knowing the principal of the engine inside; no good at all. Fitters, who know all the ins and outs of the engine, make the worst drivers. That's well known. They know too much. It's just as I've heard of a man with regard to his inside; if he knew what a complicated machine it is, he would never eat or drink, or dance, or run, or do any thing, for fear of bursting something. So it is with fitters. But we who are not troubled with such thoughts, we go ahead.

But starting an engine is one thing, and driving of her is another. Any one, a child almost, can turn on steam and turn it off again; but it ain't every one that can keep an engine well on the road, no more than it ain't every one who can ride a horse properly. It is much the same thing. If you gallop a horse right off for a mile or two, you take the wind out of him, and for the next mile or two you must let him trot or walk. So it is with an engine. If you put too much steam on to get over the ground at a start, you exhaust the boiler, and then you'll have to crawl along till your fresh water boils up. The great thing in driving is to go steady, never to let your water get too low nor your fire too low. It's the same with a kettle. If you fill it up when it's about half empty, it soon comes to the boil again. Another thing; you should never make spurts unless you are detained and lose time. You should go up an incline and down an incline at the same pace. Sometimes a driver will waste his steam, and when he comes to a hill, he has scarcely enough to drag him up. When you're in a train that goes by fits and starts, you may be sure there is a bad driver on the engine. That kind of driving frightens passengers dreadful. When the train, after rattling along, suddenly slacks speed when it aint near a station, it may be in the middle of a tunnel, the passengers think there is danger. But generally it's because the driver has exhausted his steam.

☞ *P. T. Barnum* has been nominated for Congress by the Republicans of Connecticut.

☞ Too Much Preaching.—Rev. Dr. Sears, of Brown University, recently delivered a discourse, the burden of which was that ministers preach too much, and that a reduction in the quantity of preaching would improve its quality.

☞ A space of 1,131,000 square miles is said to be around the north pole, which is now a blank on our maps.

☞ The price of tickets for trips to Europe in the Great Eastern next summer is fixed at $100 in gold, with extra charges for superior state rooms. There is no second class.

☞ One of the fathers in the family of West Pittsfield Shakers came to the conclusion, last week, that it is not good for man to be alone, and acting upon the new revelation, he deserted the brotherhood in company with a blooming Shakeress, young enough to be his granddaughter.—*Springfield Republican.*

☞ Woman's rights are progressing down South. Athens, Ga., was enlivened the other day by a woman whipping her husband through the streets with a large hickory.

☞ A lady at Mobile has recently augmented the number of her household by four children at one time. She had before been the mother both of twins and triplets.

☞ Gas was introduced into Moscow on the 27th of December, with religious ceremonies. The gas factory was solemnly consecrated.

☞ Adams, the leader of the Jaffa colony, is under arrest for swindling "his people."

☞ The measles is going through Yale College. It is now considered one of the classics.

☞ The Italian monks have all been forced to leave their monasteries. They take it easy, saying "It is the will of God."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1867.

OUR NOVELETS.

We bespeak attention to our new novelet, which we think will be a worthy successor to the greatly admired story of "Hearts Errant." It is called,

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY;

BY JEAN BONCOEUR—

and will run through a number of papers. We are glad to find that our novelets, stories, &c., are giving so much satisfaction to our readers.

We are still able to supply back numbers to the first of January, containing the whole of Mr. Bennett's deeply interesting novelet, "The Outlaw's Daughter."

THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE.

There are those to whom all fish and flesh are valuable only as articles of diet; to whom the rains are only intended to benefit the umbrella trade; the winds useful solely for the transport of cargoes; mathematics chiefly serviceable in calculating the price of calico; to whom business means a humdrum application to the circulation of groceries, without a thought above the state of the codfish market; pleasure, a discharge from the mind of every thing resembling thought, and an utter horror at the inroad of an idea.

There are those to whom the whole Universe is one sublime school; those who all their lives climb up through Creation nearer to the Creator; making Nature their teacher, the stars, the trees, the winds, waves, and all being, animate and inanimate, their books; who never ask that selfish question, "will it pay?" knowing that all knowledge must pay, pay in the opening of endless sources of pleasure, pay in the unfolding of the mind, in the growth of lofty conceptions and higher powers of appreciation, in the gaining of a wider scope of inner vision, pay in self-respect and in the admiration of the world, pay in that only true wealth which is inalienable, which survives commercial crash, fire, water, death itself—for through death's door no earthly dross can pass, no treasure save that pure gold of intellect with which the rich spirit of the thinker is deeply inlaid.

There is no hardship in the pursuit of knowledge, no labor which does not bear fruit a thousand fold. True, habit is not easily overcome; the avenues to knowledge are dry and hard to unaccustomed feet; their waters bitter, their flowers dull and odorless; that grand temple of Nature, so replete with strange mysteries and untold treasures, is dark and forbidding when seen from without; nor is it strange that the mass of the world refuse to seek such gloomy entrances while the doors of physical enjoyment stand so invitingly open to all.

Yet who would have treasures so precious gained without effort? No El Dorado was ever lightly won. And the gloom is but illusory. Pass those massive gates, penetrate the haze surrounding the entrance, and the learning of all the ages lies spread like a royal banquet before the eyes. The student is not necessarily a hermit, living in an atmosphere of shade, disregarding social enjoyment, without taste for the ordinary amusements of mankind, only at home when buried in his books or among his instruments. On the contrary we could name many such men who enjoy life with the greatest zest, attentive to the details of business, open to all social calls, yet who by profitably employing their spare time have become men of richly cultivated minds. To such men "ennui" is a term unknown; they have an inward panacea against all weariness of mind, an inward fund of resistance against the keenest stings of grief and care.

We may instance some such characters, residents of our own city. One,—whom we are happy to term our friend,—is a bank-teller, daily laboring with hand and brain in details of dollars and cents, as earnest in the matter as if the Universe were but a great financial arrangement, and all life a question of bank circulation. A man withal thrown early on the world, educated upon the meagre crumbs of an old-fashioned country school, battling all his life against the constant pressure of necessity. Yet by divesting his mind of business after the hours of business, cultivating habits of close observation, yearly acquiring a greater zest for knowledge, he stands now an earnest, vigorous amply-furnished soul, a natural gentleman, by no means dry or unsocial, for there is no more universal favorite, and devoting to intellectual improvement only those spare moments found in every life, yet which the majority of the world throw away.

Another whom we might name is a rising lawyer, pressed down with legal business, one of Blackstone's warmest disciples; yet he has devoted himself with irrepressible energy to the seemingly dry subject of Mineralogy, applying every spare moment to the study of the stones of the earth, till he has, without neglecting any professional duty, won the reputation of being one of our first mineralogists, and has gathered with his own hands perhaps the most complete collection in our city of the minerals of the country immediately surrounding Philadelphia. It would be natural to imagine a man, spending most of his leisure moments in digging, breaking, analyzing and classifying stones, as a dry, granite-like personage, only opening his eyes to the glitter of a specimen of moonstone, or his ears to the music of the quarryman's chisel. There would be no greater mistake. In his veins the sap of life runs freely yet. His circle of knowledge is by no means a Stonehenge; and a more genial, unaffected, gentlemanly and friendly soul breathes not our city air.

Among friends of our friends we may instance a clergyman, but one who has been by no means content with deducing his theology from doctrinal books. Rather addressing himself to the origin of all Theology—God, as displayed in His works—he has made the stones of the earth his missal and the shells of the sea his breviary, finding endless "sermons in stones and good in everything." Can the claims of sectarianism survive the teachings of a University wide and grand as this? The soul of such a man can never be chained down to a narrow creed, but must soar into that lofty tolerance and respect for the society of "good in everything" which alone makes a perfect and well-rounded soul.

There is perhaps no finer private collection in the two sciences of Conchology and Mineralogy than that to which this gentleman has devoted life and fortune, and no investment of time and money ever returned ampler dividends than is the full mental treasury with which these have gained him.

We might adduce many other instances, but let these suffice as important examples to all men, and especially to all young men. We are describing no race of recluses. No doubt some of these persons know how to dance. We are sure that one of them is a capital singer, and excellent at entertaining. There is no need for a student to retire to a hermitage and shut the door against the world in order to attain self-development. Such a course would tend to narrow rather than to widen the intellect, for he is only truly and fully developed who, in addition to the study of men's written thoughts, has an eye for the world without and makes all men his books; who reads human faces, studies into motives and impulses, and knows mankind too well to be blinded by a smooth face, or victimized by a specious tongue. Such a man is at the same time a student of nature and a citizen of the world.

Y Ford Gron.—This is the title of the only Welsh Literary and Musical Magazine in the United States. Y Ford Gron is, it seems, Welsh for The Round Table. It is published by Price & Powell at Scranton, Penn., at $2 a year. We have no doubt the contents are very interesting—though, for ourself, the spelling is a little too much for us, notwithstanding we are proud to have a fair infusion of Welsh blood in our veins. But, however it may have been in Dogberry's time, reading does not now-a-days seem to come by nature—at least so far as Welsh is concerned.

The Minnesota Winter.—A correspondent of The Post, writing from Goodhue county, under date of Feb. 14, says:

"We are having very pleasant weather in Minnesota this winter. Snow about one foot deep. The past two days it has been thawing with some rain."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

History of the Cooper Shop Volunteer Refreshment Saloon. By James Moore, M. D., author of "The World's Battle," &c. Published by Jas. B. Rodgers, Nos. 52 and 54 North Sixth street, Philada. This is a record of the Cooper Shop Saloon, where 500,000 troops, passing through this city, on their way to and from the seat of war, were refreshed with a plain but substantial meal. It is not for us, who are Philadelphians, to say much about this business. Our citizens, in the old times, had some reputation for coldness to strangers, and a want of proper hospitality; but we hope that there are a good many now, scattered through the land, whose feelings when they think of Philadelphia are that it has at least some little claim to being considered "the city of brotherly love."

The American Conflict: A History of the Great Rebellion in the United States of America, 1860–65. Its Causes, Incidents and Results. Intended to exhibit especially its Moral and Political Phases, with the Drift and Progress of American Opinion Respecting Human Slavery from 1776 to the Close of the War for the Union. By Horace Greeley. Vol. 2. Published by O. D. Case & Co., Hartford. We have here the second and concluding volume of Mr. Greeley's history of the war, of which the publishers say 48,000 copies have been already sold—132,287 copies having been sold of the first volume. Mr. Greeley writes with commendable clearness and brevity, and endeavors to be strictly impartial. If we were inclined to find fault, we should say that the work impressed us too much as if it were written, like most editorial articles, in a hurry. But perhaps this is a mere notion. At all events, few will dispute that so far this is the best history we have of the war.

Chronicles of the Great Rebellion Against the United States of America. Being a concise Record and Digest of the events connected with the Struggle—Civil, Political, Military and Naval—with the Dates, Victories, Losses and Results—embracing the Period between April 23, 1860, and October 31, 1865. Published by A. Winch, 505 Chestnut street, Philada.

☞ A hollow log that was picked up as driftwood in the Mississippi, near St. Louis, proved to contain the body of a dead Indian, in full dress and war paint, with bow and quiver of arrows at his back.

☞ The Duke de Dino used to keep a supply of 2,700 waistcoats. Prince Von Schwartzenburg never had less than 400 complete suits of new clothes in his wardrobe.

☞ Eight hundred years ago the "waterfall" was the mode among men of fashion in France.

☞ A German brewer died a few days since at St. Louis, leaving $1 to each of his children and $500,000 to his widow.

☞ The venerable Lord Brougham, now verging on his ninetieth year, has retired to his villa near Cannes, in the South of France, and taken leave of the literary and forensic world in a letter addressed to a member of the French Institute. He is described as still sprightly, vigorous and clear-headed, but realizes that his time of public service is past. His has been a remarkable career; for more than half a century his name has been prominent in men's mouths.

☞ Some of the French newspapers speak of the American Minister in Paris as "General Dixie."—*Boston Post.*

☞ The proposal to introduce steam gondolas on the canals of Venice excites the ire of the gondoliers, and lovers of the picturesque think it desecration.

☞ Mr. Tennyson, it appears, has really been forced by the impertinent curiosity of lion-hunters, to give up his residence in the Isle of Wight. But he is not going to London, as has been stated. He means to bury himself far away in one of the midland counties of England, remote from railway stations, and there turn farmer.

☞ The newspapers say that a hen was thawed out in Pittsfield, Mass., alive, during the warm weather, which had been buried under the snow nineteen days.

☞ The population of Texas at the beginning of the war was between 600,000 and 700,000. It is now at least 1,200,000. Population is flowing into it from every part of the civilized world.

☞ A dissatisfied husband consoles himself for his wife's humors at table by drinking a silent toast to the memory of martyred Bluebeard.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

TOWARDS THE SEA—GOING INTO CAMP—A SUDDEN INTERRUPTION—DOWNWARD DASH—TIMELY ASSISTANCE—FRIENDS FIND FRIENDS—A DANGEROUS DAY'S RIDE—GOOD WINE LOST.

It was so nearly a real romance that, though recounted here without one atom of coloring, or fictitious dressing up, I shall blame no one who may chance to read, if they shall hold it as an episode of our Bohemian tramp, manufactured purely from the brain. Finding the affair written down in my journal, however, and conscious of my utter inability to construct from the imagination a scene blending so much of romance and reality, I transcribe it very nearly *verbatim* as a fair example of South American civilization, as exhibited frequently enough throughout Peru at all periods since the establishment of her national independence.

Going down from the Andes towards the Pacific, instead of directing our course towards Arica, our intended coast destination, as the crow flies, so nearly as the mountain passes and Peruvian bridle paths would permit, we bent our line of march northwardly so much that we should first take in Tambobambu, then northwest a hundred and sixty miles to Ayachuco, near which the decisive battle of Peruvian independence was fought in 1824, from which course we would go south, something eastwardly again to Arequipa, the second city in Peru in size, and the first in all manner of revolutionary rascality. This course, taking in its sweep three important towns, was dictated by a three-fold object. Our nautical national representative elect had sent up from Islay to Arequipa his furniture and all housekeeping gear, and besides having that to arrange there were some preliminary matters pertaining to the consulate to dispose of, and his presence in Ariquipa was indispensable.

Added to this necessity, the Eslings had urgent personal reasons, which will develope themselves presently, for wishing to visit as early as possible the same point. Besides these there was a popular reason for our making the circuit of the three inland cities instead of going to Arica direct. It was that by so doing we should obviate the necessity of recrossing the Andean coast range for the purpose of visiting points of interest that we were anxious to become personally acquainted with, permitting us to take the Pacific coast route to Callao, calling at all maritime towns, and cutting inland on short excursions to such places as were situated not more than a day's ride from the nearest anchorage.

All the interior portion of Southern Peru had been in a state of revolution, born as usual at Arequipa, the contest being personally for the presidency, the rival candidates being the military chieftains, Echinique and Don Diego Salvador Santa Cruz. As the revolutionary rule in all Spanish South American countries is, to manslaughter belligerents of either party without mercy, and murder neutrals of all nationalities at sight, we were warned that our circuitous proposed route through the very heart of the rebellious regions was not at all likely to be the most quiet one we could pursue, and prudence whispered that the road to Arica, along the line of the Bolivian frontier, would be the safer one. But holding Spanish American chivalry in supreme contempt, and having infinite faith in our North American life preservers, and more than all, being again, as we had been in divers previous instances, outvoted and overruled by the influence of our persistant petticoats, Tambobambu, Ayachuco, and Arequipa became our arbitrary route.

So we went down two days leisurely ride, making some thirty leagues by the winding of the mountain passes, though little more than half that distance in a right line from Cuzco. It was gray dusk of the second day when we came to a halt in a miniature plain, lying in between the spurs of two abrupt sierras, and which having excellent water, abundance of fuel and fine grazing for our cattle, offered an inviting camp. We were going to accept the tempting offer and treat ourselves to one of our favorite out-door entertainments and a night's sleep under the magnificent South American star spangled blanket. We did not get to either nearly so soon as we had anticipated.

A few of us had dismounted, and we were all chatting like a flock of geese going into night bivouac, when suddenly our Neapolitan pet, who was far quicker of ear than any person I have ever known, held up her finger in the centre of the group and hissed out—"Hist—s-s-s-h!" so earnestly that every sound was hushed in an instant. There was no further warning wanted. The few of us who had dismounted, went to saddle again, and for a few moments of intense silence, we all sat there with heads turned to one side, listening eagerly.

Suddenly Dr. Bond ordered our guides, *cholos* and miscellaneous retainers, to bring in all the pack animals close together, prepare their weapons, and stand by to defend themselves and the position. By this time every bridle rein was tightened, and every rifle unslung and poised across saddle pommels. There was a flush of excitement on every cheek, a flash of fire and fight in every eye.

The head of the sierra north of us curved round to the westward, a hundred and fifty yards distant, the pass winding abruptly around the base of a rocky ledge. From beyond the spur came first indistinctly the sound of many hoofs, nearing us rapidly. It was easy enough to understand that. Then, directly, there was a clear, peremptory challenge: "*Quien ha!*" In three seconds it was answered:

"*Viva, Santa Cruz!*"

My God!—My Brothers!"

It was the voice of the elder Esling, and in the next instant he was driving furiously down the rugged curved way. The sudden dash had sent him thirty yards in advance when Dr. Bond shouted in a very roar:

"Rein and spurs! *Ride* every body!" And ride we did, in such a fashion as I think no troop of horse ever rode before—head-long, helter-skelter—the doctor leading by a lasso's length, then Arline Esling—Cator's horse lapping hers a head and neck—Kate O'Harra, Monteiro, Arthur Esling, then Captain Marsden, and after him, men and women—our entire party—dashing down headlong in the deepening dusk—crowding, crushing—an avalanche of horses and humanity—hoofs flashing fire along the flinty way, and spurs driven rowel deep in quivering flanks. How we ever escaped unhorsing ourselves and each other, in that dash in the dark, down through the narrow, rugged gorge, is more than I can comprehend. But, by a miracle, or something very near it, our horses maintained their footing and we our saddles.

En masse, with the exception of our advance guard, we went out from the defile, rounded the rocky head of the sierra and saw a sight as exciting as it was unexpected.

Two great bright, blazing camp-fires lighted up like noonday all the circumference of a little plain like the one we had left behind us, and fifteen yards perhaps beyond the fires was a group of some twenty persons, male and female, on foot, prominent and conspicuous among whom were two tall, white-haired men standing shoulder to shoulder, one of whom was Frank Esling, who had leaped from his horse just as we emerged from the ravine. Both these men had discharged their rifles at a party of some fifty horsemen huddled together in the pass leading down from the little plateau, bringing them to a halt just as we came in sight, and both were busily reloading their pieces.

Suddenly the mounted party down the pass burst out in a savage yell of:—"*Viva Santa Cruz! Mueron los Echiniquans!*" (Live Santa Cruz! Death to the Echiniquans!) So we understood it all very clearly. The small party above were adherents of Echiniquan's policy and party, while the mounted men were of the Santa Cruz faction. Personally or politically not one of us cared a media for either of the rival candidates or their cause. But our natural sympathies were with the weaker side; besides there was that mysterious exclamation of the elder Esling that meant more than we were able at first to comprehend; but seeing him dismounted and standing there shoulder to shoulder with a man so like him in every feature, that apart either would have been the double of the other, it began to be clear enough that the sudden cry of our artist *compañero* indicated a recognition of a brother's voice in that loud, clear challenge of the advancing cavalcade.

So we had a comprehension of the situation, and Dr. Bond, Arline Esling, Cator, Arthur, Kate, and the others of the advance guard, having it a few moments before us, had us and the Santa Crucians at advantage, so that their rapid rifle and revolver practice had emptied four saddles, and sent the whole cavalcade to a right about retreat before we could get to the front. Our volley as we came up hurried the rascals headlong down-hill flight, and being thus relieved of their presence, there ensued a social scene more interesting, and almost as entertaining as a real hand-to-hand skirmish—

First, Arthur and Arline Esling hurriedly dismounted, and both at once hugged and kissed the fine, military-looking, white-haired stranger, calling him:—"Dear uncle William," and then Frank Esling presented him to us as his brother, Col. William Esling, and he in turn presented and introduced to us, first his wife, a beautiful middle-aged Spanish woman, a native of Arequipa and their daughters—two lovely, dark-eyed senoritas of eighteen and sixteen years.

Several others, both male and female, were introduced to us, and these ceremonies over we had divers explanations—first from our Senior Esling, who informed us that his brother William, two years older than himself, had been thirty years in Peru without having once visited the United States. Neither had he ever heard from his Peruvian brother after his leaving home, until about the time that he himself had left Rio Janeiro, where he had learned that his brother, having acquired a fortune in mining and mercantile enterprise, had married a wealthy widow of Arequipa, the result of the union being two beautiful daughters.

At Cuzco, Frank Esling had again heard direct from his brother, and hence his wish to take Arequipa in our march to the Pacific.

From Col. William Esling we learned that disgusted with the frequent revolutions and instability of the Peruvian government, he had resolved to leave the country, and having transferred his property mostly to the United States, learning that his brother and children were with our party at Cuzco, he was on his way with his family and a party of personal friends towards that city, intending to join us with his family, provided we would permit them to do so, remain with us during the remainder of our South American wanderings, and then accompany such of us as were to go north, home to the United States. It was the hand of Providence that had brought together the long separated brothers so singularly.

The Esling party broke up their camp, which they had just established and began to prepare their supper when surprized by the Santa Crucians, and joining us we soon returned to the upper plateau, lighted our fires, turned loose our horses, laid out our bill of fare, and with our new neighbors and friends, we made up a jolly social party and unusually happy family. But the events of the evening had first postponed our supper some two hours, and then a discussion of late incidents prolonged the meal quite two hours more, after which the social and political condition of the country became the question that kept us wide awake until long past midnight. Then as our second family of Eslings were to join and return with us to Arequipa, the arrangements for taking leave of and separating from their friends, who were to go on to Cuzco, interested and kept us awake until dawn, when we decided that going to sleep should be deferred until the following night.

After an early breakfast we all went to saddle and on our separate ways, the Arequipans going up towards Cuzco, and our augmented cavalcade downwards towards Tampobamba. We found the descent a wild, rugged road, the passes in frequent instances not only difficult, but extremely dangerous—more broken and tortuous than any of the Andean passes we had ever encountered. Three times during the day single-file became the order of march for a whole league or more along a ledge of slippery rock, so narrow that at intervals even a single horse and rider filled all the way, and at every step life hung upon the admirable instinct of our sure-footed animals. More than ten times during the day some one of our party passed a moment of imminent peril from the slipping of a foot or a stumble over a loose fragment of rock lying in the path; but the only serious accident that occurred was a fatal misstep made by one of our pack horses that precipitated him headlong down a sheer cliff of at least four hundred feet, dashing the poor beast and his burden to pieces on the jagged rocks in the bottom of the black chasm. As the unfortunate animal was freighted with our choicest wines, Mrs. O'Harra went into a lamentation over the loss, leaving out the horse, however, quoting somebody—Burns most likely with an addenda—

"But ah, fell death's untimely frost,
The stupid brute! our wine is lost."

☞ Dickens shocks his neighbors by playing croquet on Sunday.

Bogus Jewelry.

The following is from the *Daily Philadelphia Press* of Feb. 28. The fools are not all dead yet:—

[Before Mr. Alderman Beitler.]

BOGUS JEWELRY.

Yesterday afternoon, at the Central Station, Edward Cary and Lewis Knapp had a hearing upon the charge of erecting and setting up an illegal lottery.

High Constable Clark testified that his attention was called, a few days since, by the Mayor, who has been in receipt of letters making inquiries about the firm of Cary, Bonner & Co., of No. 612 Chestnut Street; that he called at defendants' place about a week ago, showed Mr. Cary one of the circulars, which reads as follows:—

612 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, —, 1867.

DEAR SIR: We would like to increase our business in your vicinity, and make you the following offer: We know that in order for you to sell our certificates that it is necessary that you should have some good prize to show around, and inform the people where and how you got it. We have enclosed one small envelope, sealed, which will entitle you to three of the articles on our list. By sending the amount named on the certificate (which is two dollars each, besides the postage and packing), for each article, we will send the articles by return mail to you. We have picked out these envelopes at random, so that all can have a fair chance. After you have received the articles, you will be kind enough to show them around among your friends and neighbors, and say to them you get them for two dollars each from us. You can then sell our certificates, and keep thirty per cent. on all orders amounting to one dollar and upwards for your trouble, and can thus make three dollars to five dollars a day easy, as the most of our agents are now doing.

Hoping to hear from you soon, we remain yours,

CARY, BONNER & CO.,
612 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

P. S.—Please let us know when you send for the articles if you are willing to act as our agent; and, if you are, we will enter your name on our books as our agent for your town. Should you not feel disposed to accept our proposition, you will please notify us, and return the enclosed certificates. By so doing you will confer a favor which we will be happy to reciprocate at any time. An answer is respectfully requested at your earliest convenience.

—and asked him if it was one issued by the firm which he claimed to represent. He said it was. Mr. Clark then made inquiry about the goods mentioned in the schedule, consisting of rosewood pianos, melodeons, music boxes, gold hunting-cased timepieces, silver patent castors, silver fruit and cake baskets, sets silver tea and table spoons, diamond rings, cluster and single stones; gold timepieces, open faces; ladies' timepieces, hunting cases; silver timepieces, hunting cases; white metal timepieces, and many thousand other articles of jewelry, valued at extravagant rates.

Mr. Cary showed him a Geneva watch which, he said, was valued at $60, and a set of jewelry valued at $25; that he expected other goods from New York in a few days. He again visited the place, and, from the nature of the business they appeared to be carrying on, took them into custody yesterday morning, together with all the letters and jewelry found in the place. The jewelry would scarcely fill a small box. Mr. Clark continued that he had received information from the Post-Office Department to the effect that from three hundred to five hundred letters were received daily for Messrs. Cary, Bonner & Co., each of them containing from two to seven dollars. Nearly all of the letters contained from two to three certificates, which had been forwarded to the writer by Messrs. Cary, Bonner & Co. The following is an exact copy of one of the certificates:

Jewelry Certificate.

On receipt of this certificate, and $2 (and 65 cents, to pay for postage and package), we will send to your address, by return mail, one

Splendid Patent Gold-cased Time Piece,

Handsome patent gold cases, white dial, improved action, regular motion, and warranted a good time keeper.

Marked $45.

☞ We will change this article for any other article on the list of the same value, or a higher article, by sending the difference in money. Address CARY, BONNER & CO.,
612 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A number of the letters found complained of the non-receipt of goods after the parties forwarded the required amounts.

Francis Keyser, special agent for the Post-Office Department, testified that from two to three hundred letters were received at the Philadelphia post office daily, directed to Cary, Bonner & Co.; a great many of them were registered, and some contained money orders; the firm named had been sending from twenty to thirty thousand circulars per day to all parts of the country through the post office.

The jewelry and watches found in Cary's establishment, No. 612 Chestnut Street, were of the meanest description. The watches were of the basest metal, and the chains, ear-rings, and breastpins of the commonest kind. The watches marked at $45 on the certificate were probably worth that much per dozen, while the chains which were marked at $25 a-piece perhaps cost $9 per dozen or thereabouts to manufacture. No melodeons or pianos were found in the establishment.

The whole stock in trade found in Mr. Cary's room probably cost between two and three hundred dollars. The defendant, Knapp, claimed to be a clerk in Mr. Cary's employ. Defendants were held in $2,500 bail each for a further hearing this afternoon.

☞ A Paris correspondent enlivens his letter with the following anecdote:

"I heard an amusing anecdote the other day, illustrative of French incompetency to master any foreign language. A young married lady, wedded to a German or a Dutchman, was making purchases in the Chaussée d'Antin. At length she desired the things purchased might be sent to her address. 'And your name, ma'am?' 'Really, sir, I am not acquainted with my name; I was the Princess Tremouille, and I have married the Baron—Tenter—Tenter—if you will call my servant, who is at the door, I think he knows.'"

☞ After praying to God not to lead you into temptation, do not throw yourself into it.

☞ Mr. Kent, of Natchez, was astonished the other day by receiving a bill of lading for ten boxes of tom-cats. It should have been tomato catsup.

Mr. Peabody's Gifts.

There have been many inquiries lately made as to the amount of Mr. Peabody's gifts for various charitable purposes. The following is believed to be a correct list of the donations made by the benevolent millionaire during the last few years:

The London poor, including exchange,	$1,300,000
Baltimore, for Institute,	1,000,000
Baltimore Historical Society,	20,000
Boston Historical Society,	20,000
South Danvers,	100,000
Danvers,	50,000
Newburyport,	15,000
Georgetown (Mass.), for church and library,	50,000
Georgetown, D. C.,	15,000
Library in Vermont,	5,000
Yale College,	150,000
Harvard College,	150,000
Kenyon College,	25,000
Phillips's Academy,	25,000
Salem East India Company, Lecture Room and Museum,	140,000
Grinnell Expedition,	10,000
Recent donations to the South, which may be increased by the Mississippi bonds,	1,000,000
His family connexions, in trust,	1,500,000

The Grinnell Expedition was the memorable voyage of Dr. Kane to the Arctic Sea, for which Mr. Grinnell, of New York, furnished the vessel, and Mr. Peabody contributed $10,000 towards the expenses. The donation to the poor of London is converted at the current rate of exchange at the time it was made into American currency. The value of the Mississippi bonds given the South is not here set down, but their par value, with annual interest, is $1,100,000. The total of the donations in the above list is $6,135,000, which the Mississippi bonds may increase to $7,235,000. Of this sum all but $1,500,000 has been contributed for public purposes. It is understood that Mr. Peabody has provided for every relation of his now living; the most distant receiving $50,000, and those nearer $150,000 each, and we think it can be safely said there is not on record an instance of greater public and private benevolence by any private citizen of any country in the world than that furnished in the princely gifts of George Peabody. Mr. Peabody's fortune is estimated at $30,000,000—he is the richest private individual, save the Baron Rothschild, within the limits of civilization.

ANOTHER SWINDLING OPERATION.—The New York papers contain the details, which have just come to light, of a gold-swindling operation in May, 1865, by which a broker, named John Ross, fraudulently obtained $600,000 in gold from various New York bankers. The money was obtained by gold certificates, apparently signed by the officers of the Continental Bank. Ross escaped with his booty in a vessel named the Dakota, which was kept in readiness for the purpose of carrying him away. He is now presumed to be in Brazil, where he is safe from capture by United States officials, there being no extradition treaty between the two countries. Several suits have grown out of the case, two firms suing the Continental Bank for the sums named on the gold certificates, and claiming that the signatures are genuine. This swindle, although for an enormous sum, causes but little comment—the country evidently having become accustomed to this sort of thing.

EFFECTS OF A CAKE OF GREEN PAINT.—A correspondent of the Public Ledger says:—"On the 13th instant I was so unfortunate as to lose an interesting boy, two years and one month old, through his eating a small green water paint, such as are usually sold to children. I think some caution to the community might be instrumental in saving the lives of perhaps a number of innocent children. An article of caution in your valuable paper might have saved mine. If such had been the case, I would ever be under a deep sense of gratitude to the editors. If the teachers of the public schools were requested to caution the children, it would give a wide circulation to the knowledge of the poisonous compound of which these paints are composed."

☞ A Philadelphia divine says that dancing has a tendency to "shrivel up all man's moral dignity," and reduces society to a "nonentity."

☞ The daily pay of the Prussian infantry has been raised to *seven cents*.

☞ The Parisian street-sweepers wear out 25,000 brooms yearly, a statistical fact, which is evidence of the cleanliness of one of the cleanest cities in the world.

☞ A member of the Tennessee Legislature, who is not satisfied with his pay, has added a trifle to his income by becoming a waiter in a Nashville restaurant.

☞ THE IT.—A rapid and emphatic recital of the following simple narrative is an infallible cure for lisping:—"Hobbs meets Snobbs and Nobbs; Hobbs bobs to Snobbs and Nobbs; Hobbs nobs with Snobbs and robs Noobe's fobs." "This is," says Nobbs, "the worst of Hobbs's jobs and Snobbs's sobs."

☞ A lady in Cheltenham, England, was, a few days ago, indulging in a dish of oysters, when she discovered in one of them no less than *thirty six pearls!* They were of various sizes, and of excellent quality.

☞ Joseph S. Atwill, a colored man, was lately admitted as a deacon to the Episcopal Church, in Louisville. This is the first instance of the kind in the United States.

☞ Prof. Huxley, at one of his lectures in London recently, in taking up a collection in behalf of the destitute poor, used one of the skulls on his table as a contribution box. Man's skull has sometimes been called his "knowledge-box," and Byron used one as a drinking cup, but probably it was never before made use of as a money-box.

☞ It is said that Dickens's satire upon the refreshment saloon at "Mugby (Rugby) Junction" has produced quite a reform in the manners of the attendants at that delectable eating shop. What a pity we haven't a novelist among us to lash our railroad saloon keepers into providing decent refreshment for their customers.

☞ West Virginia has changed her capital from Wheeling to Morgantown. Students of geography will govern themselves accordingly.

☞ In Switzerland, recently, a citizen was flogged for having published a pamphlet against the Catholic religion.

☞ Queen Victoria weighs one hundred and twenty pounds.

☞ A bad boy in Ohio came home after a long spree, and his father observed to his mother, "Kill the fatted prodigal, the calf has returned."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Unequalled Inducements.

Beautiful Premium Engraving.

The proprietors of the "oldest and best of the weeklies" offer unequalled inducements to those who incur the labor of making up clubs, as well as to those who remit, as single subscribers, the full subscription price.

A large and beautiful steel line engraving, 26 inches long by 20 inches wide, possessing all the softness and peculiar charm of Mezzotint, called

"One of Life's Happy Hours,"

will be sent *gratis* to every single ($2.50) subscriber, and to every person sending on a club. The great expense of this Premium will, we trust, be compensated by a large increase of our subscription list.

The contents of THE POST shall consist, as heretofore, of the very best original and selected matter that can be procured—

STORIES, SKETCHES, ESSAYS,

ANECDOTES, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, RECEIPTS, NEWS, LETTERS, from the best native and foreign sources, &c., &c., &c.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

THE POST is exclusively devoted to Literature, and therefore does not discuss political or sectarian questions. It is a common ground, where all can meet in harmony, without regard to their views upon the political or sectarian questions of the day.

TERMS.

Our terms are the same as those of that well-known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:

One copy (with the large Premium Engraving)	$2.50
1 copy of The Post and 1 of The Lady's Friend and one engraving,	4.00

OUR SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

We still continue our offer of a Wheeler & Wilson's No. 8 Sewing Machine, such as Wheeler & Wilson sell for $55.00, to any one sending on a list of 20 subscribers at $2.50 each. We will also send this Machine on the old terms of twenty subscribers and sixty dollars (that is, ten dollars in *addition* to the amount of the subscription price) if desired. And we will send any of the higher priced Wheeler & Wilson's Machines, if the difference in price is also remitted. Every subscriber on the above Premium lists will receive, in addition to his magazine or paper, a copy of the large Premium engraving, "One of Life's Happy Hours." The regular club subscribers do not receive this engraving, unless they remit one dollar extra for it.

THE PAPERS OR MAGAZINES will be sent to different Post-Offices when desired.

REMITTANCES.—In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your post-office, county, and state. If possible, procure a post-office order on Philadelphia. If a post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

☞ Specimen copies will be sent postpaid on the receipt of *five cents*.

ANTELOPES PURSUING A WOLF.—Bayard Taylor, in his "Summer Trip to Colorado," gives a touching instance of the courage with which the maternal instinct will endow the most timid animals:

The country swarmed with antelopes, which provoked several shots from the coach, but without effect. Two of them, to our surprise, appeared to be pursuing a large gray wolf. They made boldly after it as often as it stopped, and were evidently bent on driving it quite away from their pasturage. While we were speculating on their movements, a lovely little fawn sprang up from the grass and made away over the hills. The old antelopes were evidently its parents, and their boldness in facing and intimidating the wolf was now explained.

☞ It is said some of the people of Lynchburg, Va., have decided to camp out for the summer, on account of the high rents.

☞ A backwoodsman being asked if he would have cream and sugar, said: "No, I take my tea barefoot."

☞ A company has been formed in Meriden, Ct., for the manufacture of hats by a newly invented process. The patent was purchased for $70,000, and the company starts with a capital of $400,000. The invention is a most remarkable one. A hat of straw, manilla, cotton, linen, silk or any fibrous material, is woven complete in a few minutes.

☞ A celebrated medical writer says, in Brathwaite, that the dangers of "child-birth" have nearly all disappeared since the discovery and administration of chloroform in that trying period of female suffering.

☞ Good board in first-class houses, fashionable and comfortable, with rooms, in Florence, may be had for twelve dollars per week.

☞ The grumblers about the snow are abusing the mud. Ere long they will have a chance to vituperate the dust.

☞ It is very well for little children to be lambs, but a very bad thing for them to grow up sheep.

☞ The length of the railroads in this country is sufficient to girdle the earth at the equator with a double track.

☞ Utah is the true baby land. For a man to have twenty boys and girls in his house is a common fact.

☞ Bright boy to Sunday-school teacher—"Do women go to sea, now, sir, as sailors?" Teacher—"Why, no, Sammy, they never have been sailors in any age; what makes you ask such a question?" Bright boy—"Because, sir, I've been reading of the Widow's Cruse."

☞ "Would you like to look at the moon?" asked a "professor," who had stationed his spy-glass at the street corner, of an Emeralder. "To de divil wid ye; would I be afther givin' ye a dime to look at de moon wid one eye, whin I kin see it wid my two and not cost me a cint."

☞ SELF-CONDEMNATION.—A country gentleman, walking in his garden, saw his gardener asleep in an arbor. "What!" says the master, "asleep, you idle dog, you are not worthy that the sun should shine on you." "I am truly sensible of my unworthiness," answered the man, "and therefore I laid myself down in the shade."

☞ A CRUEL MAN.—A woman in Michigan, asked for a divorce from her husband because he refused to wear a moustache.

WASTED TIME.

Alone in the dark and silent night,
With the heavy thought of a vanished year,
When evil deeds come back to sight,
And good deeds rise with a welcome cheer,
Along with the spectres of the past,
That come with the old year's dying chime,
There glooms the shadow dark and vast—
The shadow of Wasted Time.

The chances of happiness cast away,
The opportunities never sought,
The good resolves that every day
Have died in the impotence of thought,
The slow advance and the backward step
In the rugged path we have striven to climb;
How they furrow the brow and pale the lip,
When we talk of the Wasted Time.

What are we now? what had we been
Had we hoarded time as the miser's gold,
Striving our nobler meed to win,
Through the summers' heat and the winter's cold;
Shrinking from naught that the world could do;
Fearing naught but the touch of crime;
Laboring, struggling all seasons through,
And knowing no Wasted Time.

Who shall recall the vanished year?
Who shall hold back this ebbing tide
That leaves us remorse, and shame, and tears,
And washes away all things beside?
Who shall give us the strength, yes even now,
To leave forever this holiday-rhyme,
To shake off this sloth from the heart and brow,
And battle with Wasted Time?

The years that pass come not again,
The things that die no life renew;
But e'en from the rust of the cankering chain
A golden truth is glimmering through;
That to him who learns from errors past,
And turns away with strength sublime,
And maketh each year outdo the last,
There is no Wasted Time.

THE PAINTER'S WIFE.

"But you have not told me yet, Cyrilla, what incident the picture is intended to represent."

"It is intended to illustrate the story of 'Ginevra,' as told in Rogers's *Italy*. I daresay you recollect the poem in question?"

"Oh, yes: I remember all about Francesco Doria and his youthful bride; and how the latter hid herself in an old chest on her wedding-day, and was smothered, and her body not found for ever so many years afterwards."

"That is just the point—where Ginevra is about to hide herself—that Theodore is trying to illustrate. I have sat to him I don't know how many times already."

"And a very good likeness it is of you, my dear. And the chest in which she is about to hide herself is painted from that real chest in the corner there! It looks hundreds of years old. Dear, dear! it's quite wonderful. But I thought painters always invented such things out of their own heads."

The speakers were aunt and niece—the latter, a fair and slender girl of twenty, with a singularly youthful expression of face for one who was both a wife and a mother. The time was half past nine on a certain autumn evening some half-dozen years ago; and the place was a pleasant home-like room in a small villa in one of the westerly suburbs of London.

"The mention of those Italian names, Cyrilla," said Mrs. Reece presently, "puts me in mind of an old admirer of yours, Signor Pietro Fastini.—By-the-by, do you know where he now is?"

"No. Where?" said Cyrilla quickly.

"In a lunatic asylum. He went crazy about a year ago, and has been under restraint ever since. I don't think you treated him well, Cyrilla, to encourage his attentions, and then to cast him off in the way you did."

Cyrilla's cheek paled suddenly; she sank into a chair, and did not speak for a minute or two.

"You have been misinformed aunt," she said at last. "Signor Fastini never received the slightest encouragement from me. I was attracted towards him by his great musical talent; but it was own presumption that drew him on to speak to me as he did. Nevertheless, I am truly grieved to hear of the affliction that has overtaken him."

Cyrilla sat thinking deeply for some time after her aunt's departure, going, in memory, through all those phases of her life in which the young Italian had been an actor. Her reverie was brought to an end by the clock on the mantelpiece chiming eleven.

She got up from her seat with a little sigh, and went into her dressing-room, which opened out of the room in which she had been sitting, and bathed her hands and face; and changed her evening-dress for a comfortable white wrapper; and unbound her yellow hair, letting it fall in a rich sheaf down her shoulders; for Theodore had gone out to-night to a supper-party given by a brother-artist who was about to enter the holy state of matrimony, and she had promised to sit up for him; and Theodore, on his part, had promised to be home soon after midnight.

Going back into the sitting-room, Cyrilla rang the bell, and presently nurse came in with baby, who, being a well-behaved young gentleman, was happily fast asleep at this late hour. He was deposited in a pretty little cot close by his mother's side.

"You can go to bed, nurse, and the other servants can do the same," said Mrs. Thornhurst. "I will sit up for master myself. See that the doors and windows are all fastened before you go up-stairs."

When the woman was gone, Cyrilla stirred up the low fire on the hearth into a fitful blaze, and then took up the first volume of a novel which had been brought to her that afternoon from the library. Theodore would be home in an hour at the farthest, and the time would pass pleasantly and quickly away.

A pleasant, cozy, home-like picture—the pretty, girlish wife coiled up gracefully in her husband's huge easy-chair; the sleeping child; the room itself, with its walls half-hidden with sketches, prints, and water-colors, with the easel in one corner, and the pianoforte in another; with Cyrilla's work-basket on a side-table in company with a meerschaum, big and brown, and a tobacco-jar after the antique. A pleasant picture, and one which Theodore Thornhurst, artist from the top of his head to the sole of his foot, would not fail to note when he should come stepping leisurely in through one of the three French windows opening on to the lawn, which had just been draped, ready for winter, with curtains of crimson damask, in place of the muslin ones which had shaded them through the summer months.

Cyrilla read on undisturbed for about half-an-hour, at the end of which time baby began to grow restless; so she laid down her book, and began to rock the cot with a slow, gentle motion, and at the same time to sing, in a minor key, the exquisite cradle-song from *The Princess*—

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea;
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!

Singing thus, she lifted the child tenderly out of its cot, kissed it fondly, and carried it through the dressing-room into the chamber beyond, and there laid it snugly in bed. Presently, she came back, still humming the music of the song under her breath, and leaving the door of the dressing-room half open behind her, so that she might the more readily hear her darling, should he awake and cry out. Then she sat down again in her husband's easy-chair, and went on with her novel. But the undercurrent of her thoughts was with her husband; and presently she glanced up at the timepiece on the mantel-shelf, only to discover that it had come to a dead stop some ten minutes previously, for want of winding up. She put down her book, and rose at once to perform the necessary duty, for the voice of the little clock sounded like that of a friend in her lonely watching. How the words of that song haunted her memory!

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea.

She was winding up the timepiece slowly and carefully, and humming the song to herself, and as she did so—what woman would not have done the same?—she glanced at the reflection of her own pretty face in the glass over the chimney-piece. She saw her blue-eyed face with its setting of yellow hair, and the same moment she saw something else by no means so pleasant to look upon—something that for one brief instant caused every pulse of her being to stand still in silent horror.

There was some one in the room beside herself. What she saw in the glass was the reflection of a hand grasping the crimson damask curtains that draped the French window opposite the fireplace. Only a hand—but whose hand? It was very small and very white, but unmistakably the hand of a man, and just as surely not the big brown paw of Theodore Thornhurst.

Cyrilla's eyes dilated as she gazed; the murmur of the song died off her lips; her fingers ceased from turning the key of the clock; she stood like one changed to stone. She durst not turn her head to glance at the dread reality which she knew was behind her; she kept her gaze fixed steadily in the glass, watching with a sort of horrible eagerness for some sign or token of life in those white, deathlike fingers, which looked as if they belonged to a corpse. Suddenly, while she was looking like one fascinated, there was a slight movement of the curtain, the white fingers relaxed their grasp, opened, and for an instant were withdrawn. Next moment, they were there again, grasping the curtain as before; and as they reappeared, Cyrilla's heart thrilled with a fresh terror: she felt—by instinct, and not by the action of any more positive sense—that, from amid the dim folds of the curtain, two eyes, unseen by her, were watching her every movement.

The dread inspired by this discovery—for she felt sure that her instinct was not playing her false—was almost more than she could bear. Her senses seemed as though they were about to desert her; a dimness crept over her eyes; a numbness began to steal through every limb; and it seemed to her as though the room, herself, and even that terrible hand, were all fading into unsubstantial shadows, and that nothing could ever trouble her more; when all at once her fading senses were pierced by a faint sound—a sound that went straight to her mother's heart, and in one brief moment stung all her fading senses into vivid life. It was the voice of her child that she had heard just as she was about to sink fainting to the floor. He had turned over in his sleep, and had felt for her in the dark, and had given utterance to a low plaintive cry at not finding her beside him. To a feeling of life the most vivid and intense, that weak voice had recalled her. "For my child's sake," she murmured in her heart, "let strength be given me!"

Her hand was steady enough now, and she went on with the winding-up of the little clock, winding slowly, that she might have more time to think what her next move must be. She was strangely calm now, with that calmness which is induced in some natures by the presence of a great peril. As she kept on winding, her eyes seemed to be fixed intently on the little clock, but were at the same time watching the hand with a covert half-look that might or might not deceive the hidden eyes which she felt sure were just as intently watching her.

There! the clock was wound up at last—never had it taken so long a time before—and the question was, what to do next? If she could only get away—get away into her dressing-room, and put the door between herself and her hidden visitor—she felt that both she and her child would be safe. It was their only chance of escape. The effort must be made, and that at once; for to stay in the room much longer, watched by those unseen eyes, would be enough to drive her mad.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea.

How she contrived to get the words out she could never have told afterwards, but she found herself humming them over, and sidling across the room with an elaborately careless air, towards a little table placed half-way between the fireplace and the dressing-room door. The table was reached in safety, and Cyrilla ventured to breathe again. A photographic album lay on the table, and she took it up and began to examine it with the deepest apparent interest. While in this position, the hand was behind her. She would have given much to be able to glance over her shoulder and see whether it was still visible, but the effort was one that required more courage than she had to spare just then. Perhaps, even now, her unknown visitor was stealing out from behind the curtain—was creeping stealthily after her with the view of surprising her, say by putting his hands over her eyes, or by seizing her suddenly round the waist! His footsteps would be noiseless on the thick carpet. She could bear the horror of her situation no longer; she let the book drop from between her fingers, and made a rush for her dressing-room; but just as she had got within a yard of the door, she stumbled, and came down on her knees. Before she could make even one effort to rise, she was grasped by the right wrist from behind, a cold hand was placed over her mouth, and a stern voice whispered in her ear: "Make the least noise, and you are a dead woman!"

Next instant, her mouth was uncovered, and Cyrilla found herself lifted somehow on to her feet. She turned to look at her assailant, and as her eyes met his, she shrank away from him as far as the iron grasp on her wrist would allow, and gave utterance to a low cry of terror:

"Signor Pietro Fastini!"

"Even so, *carissima mia*," he said. "You do not seem pleased to see me. But pray resume your seat;" and still holding her by the wrist, he led her back to the easy-chair, into which he inducted her with a profound bow.

A tall and elegant-looking man, this Signor Pietro Fastini; olive-complexioned; with black beard and moustache, thin and silky; and large, dark, melancholy-looking eyes. But in those eyes there was now an expression such as Cyrilla had never seen in them before—an expression that made her shiver with affright. He was dressed in full evening-costume, except that he was without hat and gloves; while his long, black hair, all blown and tangled by the night-wind, lent a touch of incongruity to his appearance, which no one could have failed to detect.

"Certainly, you don't seem pleased to see me," he repeated, loosing his grasp of Cyrilla's wrist. "That, however, was hardly to be expected. Let us put it that I took you too much by surprise, and not that I am an unwelcome guest."

He gave utterance to a low, sneering laugh; then he drew up a chair close in front of Cyrilla, and sat down on it, and seemed to devour her with his large, black eyes.

"Cyrilla Thornhurst," he said, "do you know with what purpose I am here this evening?"

Poor Cyrilla's lips formed "No," but no sound issued from them.

"I am here to kill you," he said, speaking with the slightest possible foreign accent.

Cyrilla pressed her fingers to her eyes, and seemed to shrink back still further in the easy-chair. The Italian twisted the ends of his moustache, and watched her in grave silence.

"Oblige me by removing your hands from before your face," he resumed, after a pause. "Thanks; that is better. Remember, I am here to kill, but not to torture. When the proper moment shall have come for carrying out my purpose, one brief pang will end everything."

He spoke in solemn, unimpassioned accents, without any trace of excitement either in manner or words, and almost as though he were the minister of some stern Fate, whose behests it was his duty to carry out, without having the power to alter them, and against which there was no possible appeal.

"Do you remember when and where we parted last?" he went on. "I know that you do, for such occasions are never forgotten by women. For months before that day, you led me on, little by little, till at last I was foolish enough to think that I had only to ask and to have. I did ask—with what result you know as well as I. You laughed at my love, and dismissed me for ever with a foolish jest. I went away, and strove to forget you, and to a certain extent I succeeded; for at that time I was just beginning to work out the details of my Grand Scheme, and all my time and attention were needed to perfect them. My grand scheme!" he went on, with a sudden change of tone, and an added brightness in his dark eyes. "It would have revolutionized the world, if only the world had been wise enough to receive it. But, like all great discoverers, I am a century before the age."

He began to pace the room rapidly, with knitted brows, and the forefinger of one hand pressed to his cheek, while his lips moved inaudibly; but always with a covert eye on Cyrilla, to see that she did not attempt to escape.

"Strange, strange!" he murmured. "No sooner did I begin to advocate that great project, than I was set down as a madman; and because I would not forswear my ideas, they shut me up with mad people—me, me!"

He burst into a fit of laughter, loud and shrill; and then drawing from one of his pockets a small box full of those acidulated drops of which children are so fond, he placed two or three of them on his tongue, and swallowed them like so many pills; and with that, he went and resumed his seat close by Cyrilla.

"It was while I was living among the mad folk," he went on, "that I made the acquaintance of my friend the Mandarin, a gentleman twelve inches in height. Sometimes he would come into my room through the keyhole, sometimes down the chimney, or as often as not he would hop in at the open window, carrying his head under his arm. He used to perch himself on my table, and sit and nod at me by the hour together, and favor me with his advice on every conceivable subject. Oh, he was a most learned mandarin. It was he who persuaded me to come to this place, and kill you—and kill your husband. And I have sworn to do it! There was to be a grand party to-night at the place where I have been residing for so many months. I dressed for it, of course just to please the foolish creatures—you know what strange whims those poor crazy wretches have sometimes—and in the confusion I escaped. See! I bought this as I came along; the handle is designed after the antique, and pleased me hugely."

As he spoke, he drew from the pocket of his dress-coat a slender-cased poniard of dull bluish steel, with a haft of bronze. Having extracted it from its case, he proceeded to wipe it carefully, almost tenderly, with his cambric handkerchief; while Cyrilla, coiled up in the easy-chair, watched his every movement with bright, quick-glancing eyes—the eyes of an animal brought to bay—that nothing escaped.

The little clock on the chimney-piece chimed the quarter before midnight.

"When that clock strikes twelve, Cyrilla Thornhurst, you will have lived your life."

He spoke with the quiet, unhesitating conviction of tone of one who sees before a foregone conclusion, from which it is impossible that he can swerve in the slightest degree.

"What have I done to deserve so terrible a fate at your hands?" burst out Cyrilla.

"You have wrecked the happiness of my life," said the Italian—"wrecked it utterly and irretrievably. That I might have forgiven you; but I have promised my friend the mandarin—for state reasons, which it would be a breach of confidence in me to reveal—to kill you, to kill your husband, and to kill your child. It is sufficient to state that your lives are required by the great Dog-star, whose hierophant I am. Ask me no further. The initiated would understand me at once; for there is a transcendentalism in these matters which is as the language of Fi-Fo-Fum to those whose eyes have been anointed with grease from the Great Bear. Your time in this world is reduced to ten minutes and five seconds."

With the putting away of the poniard for a time, Cyrilla had taken her eyes off the Italian, and now sat with her chin sunk on her breast, and her hands lightly clasped, brooding over what she had just heard. To kill her husband and child! That would be a thousand times worse than death to herself. Theodore might come any minute now—come stepping jauntily in through the French window, to be sprung upon by this madman, and stabbed before her eyes. "If only I could steady my mind to think," she kept repeating to herself. What was it she had heard and read about the peculiarities of mad people? If she could only bring it to mind!

The Italian was watching her narrowly from under his bent brows. Suddenly, with that abruptness which marked all his movements, he got up, and striding to the easel flung back the sheet with which it was covered. He started at sight of the picture; but next moment, his poniard was out, and the canvas stabbed through in a dozen different places. "Out! out! cursed likeness of a falsehearted fiend!" he exclaimed. "Oh, that a soul so vile should lodge in a husk so sweet!"

If she could only bring it to mind! All at once, something seemed to catch her breath, and she pressed her hand to her heart for a moment, while a strange expression crept over her face, which subsided presently into one of her sweetest smiles. Then she half rose from the easy-chair, and turned her large, soft eyes full on the young Italian. "*Pietro mio*," she said; and there was a world of meaning in her way of saying those two little words.

The dark frown vanished like a cloud from the face of the young Italian, and the light of passion faded from his eyes when he heard himself addressed thus; and he turned on Cyrilla a look half-bewildered, half-suspicious, and felt with one hand for the haft of his poniard. She was standing with her head a little on one side, smiling at him; and while he was looking, her rosy lips whispered "Come!" and as if it were a command impossible for him to disobey, he came towards her—timidly, cautiously, and suspiciously, but still step by step nearer. As she sank back in the easy-chair, still with the same fixed smile on her face, her finger pointed to a low footstool a yard or two away. He understood her gesture, and pushing the footstool across the floor, he seated himself on it close by her chair. Again the same strange expression swept over her face as the sleeve of his coat touched her dress as he sat down; but the smile was back again next moment, and her voice took an accent as low and tender as that of any love-lorn Juliet when she next spoke to him.

"You naughty, naughty boy!" she said, and she pinched his ear playfully as she spoke; "I vow you nearly frightened me to death, creeping into the room in that stealthy way, for all the world like the villain in a melodrama. How was I to know it was you that was behind the curtain? And then, when I did see you, I declare you gave my nerves quite a shock. I had heard such strange stories about your being mad, and all that, you know, so that my fright can hardly be wondered at. My poor Pietro, what you must have suffered!"

Every nerve and fibre in the Italian's body seemed to thrill under the influence of those loving words and that angelic smile; but his eyes were still full of bewilderment, and his lips moved inaudibly for several moments before he spoke.

"Why do you pity me?" he said at last. "How can you be glad to see me, when you know that I am here to take your life?"

Cyrilla sighed.

"Can you not understand, my Pietro," she said "that when life has become a burden, it does not seem such a very difficult thing to quit it?"

"Your life a burden!" he said, incredulously. "In this pretty nest, and mated with the husband of your choice, your life ought to be precious to you, Cyrilla."

"The opinion of the world!" said Cyrilla, with a mournful ring in her voice. "Is there not such a thing, Pietro, as being wedded to a man with whom you have nothing in common? You have read *Locksley Hall*, and you know what I mean without my saying more. Once I had a treasure within my grasp, but not knowing its value, I threw it carelessly away. Do you think that life to such a one can be a thing of much value?"

She turned away her face, and buried it in her handkerchief. Fastini fell on his knees before her.

"Cyrilla, Cyrilla! say that you love me," he cried.

One of her hands was lying carelessly on her lap; he seized it, and covered it with passionate kisses. She did not repulse him; she only said, gently:

"You must not do that; you know that you have vowed to kill me."

"No, no!" he cried, passionately, starting to his feet. "You shall not die! I will intercede for you with the mandarin. The Dog-star himself shall hear your story, and pity you. Some other life shall be sacrificed in place of yours: you shall live. Together, we will quit this hateful England; together, in my own sunny clime, in Italy the beautiful, we will—"

The clock on the mantel-piece chimed midnight.

"There sounds the knell of my doom!" said Cyrilla, with a mournful smile.

"It is the signal that summons you to a new life—to a life of love, and freedom, and happiness!" said the Italian. "It tells me too," he added, "that I have other work still left to accomplish." He laid a finger lightly on her shoulder. "The man who calls you wife, the child who calls you mother, they must die?"

Cyrilla's eyes confronted those of the madman, steadily; not the quiver of a nerve betrayed the feelings at work within her.

Fastini began to move towards the door of the dressing-room; Cyrilla caught him by the button, and held him. He turned on her in an instant, a wild, devil of fury glaring out of his eyes.

"Do you—dare—to say—that you care the least in the world about either of those two?" he snarled out. He has grasped her firmly by the shoulder with one hand; his other hand was behind her, and she felt the sharp point of the poniard prick through her dressing-robe into her flesh, as he asked the question.

"Care for either of them!" exclaimed Cyrilla with a contemptuous laugh. "Why should I care for them, Pietro mio? It is not that. It is this, as regards the child: I no not think—nay, I am sure—that I could not love you so well as I do now, if I knew that you were guilty of shedding the blood of that innocent; and he at least is innocent."

"No blood, Cyrilla," he whispered—"only the pillow."

"No!" said Cyrilla loftily. "The man I love must be above a dastardly deed like that. To be the murderer of a smiling babe! Faugh!—You can go, Signor Fastini," she added coldly, stepping from before him. "The child is asleep in yonder room. When you have killed him, come back and kill me, if you don't wish to see the unutterable contempt with which I should then look upon you!" She pointed to the open door of the dressing-room as she spoke, and drawn up to her full height, stared steadily into the lunatic's eyes. He quailed under that fixed, stern gaze; he wavered; he whispered something to himself; and then with the air of a beaten hound, he slunk up to Cyrilla, and taking her hand humbly, he lifted it to his lips, and kissed it twice.

"Your pardon, Cyrilla," he said, "for having misunderstood you. The child, truly, is beneath my notice. Let him live."

"Spoken like my own Pietro," said Cyrilla, thawing suddenly into a very May-day of love and sunshine. "You were only jesting with me, I know."

"But he—the man who has caused you so much misery—your husband; you will not intercede for him," said Pietro gloomily. "He—he above all men—must die."

"So be it," said Cyrilla with a little shrug of supreme indifference. Ten minutes past twelve! Theodore could not be long now. How her ears strained, how her heart beat at the slightest sound from without! If he were to come now, he could hardly escape with life, unless she, Cyrilla, were to sacrifice her own life in the endeavor to save his. She was quite prepared to do that, she said to herself.

"But pray tell me," she resumed aloud, "what plan you intend to adopt for carrying out your scheme of vengeance."

"As soon as I hear his footsteps, I shall hide behind those curtains," said the madman. "As he steps across the threshold, I shall rush forth, and strike him dead with my poniard."

"A pretty scheme—a very pretty scheme!" said Cyrilla encouragingly. "But I think I know one still better—one that will avoid all bloodshed, which is objectionable in a lady's room."

"Tell it me," said the Italian eagerly.

"When he comes in," said Cyrilla, "he will ask for a cup of coffee—he always does. Into his coffee I will put a few drops out of a certain vial which I have in my dressing-room. He drinks the coffee, and five minutes later he is a dead man!"

"Good, good!" said the madman, rubbing his hands gleefully. "And then, when he is dead, I will cut off his head, and carry it to my friend the mandarin, and he will give me his magic ring—his cat's-eye ring, that is worth a king's ransom; and we will sail across the seas, you and I together; and you will be mine, my own, for ever! Say, shall it not be so?"

"It shall, my Pietro!" answered Cyrilla boldly. "Ah! you don't know how much I shall love you. But we have no time to lose; Thornhurst will be here presently, and I must hide you at once."

"Yes—yes! behind the curtains!" said Fastini eagerly.

"No, not behind the curtains," said Cyrilla, "because the first thing Thornhurst will do after coming in will be to draw back the curtains, and fasten the windows. Let me consider: where will be the best place to hide you?" She paused, and, with her finger on her lips, looked round the room, as if in search of a hiding-place. Fastini was holding her other hand, and pressing it now and again to his lips.

"I have it!" she said at last. "Nothing could be better. You shall hide yourself in this old chest;" and she ran across the room, laughing gaily, and dragging the Italian after her, and flung open the lid of the old carved chest. "It might have been put here on purpose," she said, still laughing. "See—you will have plenty of room; and there will be this advantage in hiding here, you will be able, yourself unseen, to witness the whole of my little drama from beginning to end—from your private box, you know. (A little pun that, is it not? I really won't let you kiss my hand any more.) You must just keep the lid open about a quarter of an inch—not more; and presently you will see Thornhurst come stepping in through one of these windows. You will see him kiss me—for the last time, you know, so you must not be angry. Then he will go round and fasten the windows; then he will yawn and stretch himself; and then he will seat himself in his easy chair, and ask for his meerschaum and a cup of coffee. But you must not stir till you see his eyes close, and his head droop back on the chair.—And now, sir, to your hiding-place. If you love me, don't delay, for Thornhurst may be here any moment. No—not a single kiss now, but as many as you like afterwards. Why can't you tie those lanky limbs of yours into a knot? A little lower, please. So—that is better."

She was just lowering the lid of the chest gently over him when he struck it up suddenly with his arm. "Cyrilla," he said, "something whispers to me that my friend the mandarin would like me to do this deed myself. Perhaps the Dog-star—"

"Hush!" exclaimed Cyrilla with a start. "The king of the pelicans is coming this way. I hear his footsteps. Hide—hide!" She tried to press the lid down on him as she spoke; but his suspicions, ever on the alert, were roused in an instant, and with all his strength he strove to keep himself from being shut in; but his strength was of little avail in the position in which he then was. Cyrilla flung herself bodily on to the chest, and in spite of all the madman's efforts, little by little, inch by inch, the lid came down upon him, his power to struggle against it decreasing in proportion the closer it shut him in. Suddenly he changed his position, and before he could recover himself, the lid had shut him in completely, and the same instant the iron staple in the body of the chest shot up through a slit in the lid. The moment she saw it, Cyrilla's instinct pointed out to her the only method by which Fastini could be retained a prisoner, for her bodily strength was all but exhausted. The iron bar that should have passed through the hole in the staple, and have kept the chest fast shut, was broken away, and all that Cyrilla could now do was to push her thumb through the staple, and use it as the bar had been used.

The footsteps on the gravel outside were coming nearer; and presently, Theodore Thornhurst, cigar in mouth, and with a merrier twinkle

than usual in his eye, stepped in through one of the French windows.

Not one moment too soon. "Saved! saved!" cried Cyrilla as her eyes met those of her husband, and then she sank fainting by the side of the chest. The painter was a cautious man as well as a brave one; he heard strange noises proceeding from the interior of the chest, and at the moment of releasing Cyrilla's poor bruised thumb, he slipped his pocket-knife into its place. Then lifting his wife in his arms, he carried her into another room, and summoned the servants to her assistance. Armed with a revolver, he then went back to the chest, and lifted up the lid; but Fastini was half-suffocated by this time, and was dragged out by Thornhurst more dead than alive.

Ultimately, the Italian was reconsigned to the place from which he had escaped; but a long time passed before the painter's wife recovered thoroughly from the effects of that terrible hour.

THE SEE-SAW.

BY HENRY S. LEIGH.

Sickness and health have been having a game with me,
Tossing me, just like a ball, to and fro;
Pleasure and pain have been doing the same with me,
Treating me simply like something to throw.
Joy took me up to the clouds for a holiday,
In a balloon that she happens to keep;
Then, as a damp upon rather a jolly day,
Grief in her diving-bell took me down deep.

Poverty came pretty early—bad-luck to her!—
Truly she makes an affectionate wife.
I, like a fool, have been faithful, and stuck to her;
She'll stick to *me* for the rest of my life.
As for our children (I wish we had drowned them all)—
Those I regard as the worst of my ills;
How can you wonder to hear me *confound* them all,
Seeing that most of those children are *Bills*?

Hope, who was once an occasional visitor,
Never looks in on us now for a chat.
Memory comes, though—the cruel inquisitor!
(Not that I feel much the better for *that!*)
Hope was a liar; there's no use denying it;
Memory's tales are decidedly true;
Yet I confess that I like, after trying it,
Hope's conversation the best of the two.

Ladies' Brothers.

A brother cannot joke with ease at the home dinner. Every one feels that they need not laugh at him if they do not choose. It is only Tom, or Jack, or Harry, and nobody cares to encourage his humor, they see enough of it and of him. He is chucked up remorselessly. His little pun is allowed to die without a sign of recognition, his story is drowned in a more audible absorption of the soup than if company were present, his question is left unanswered or thrown off the line of conversation by another question from Emily or Jane, who don't in the least interest themselves in what a brother wants to know. We believe this, after all, is a wholesome system; that it is better any way than the opposite extreme, where young gentlemen are accustomed, as Longfellow writes, to "speak blank verse in the bosom of the family." Brothers who come from this sort of nest are mostly of the smallest intellectual account. We find them publishing nonsense, or shirking honest work, avoiding professions, and being mere triflers to the end unless roused up by the spur of necessity. A brother who is habitually coddled by his sisters, carries the air of the process into the world. We remember a rhyme popular at school which was affixed to a boy suspected of femininity. After enumerating the various indications of the propensity, the poem descended to particulars, and commenting on his trowsers as containing proof positive of the petticoat administration—"His mother," this elegant effusion remarked, "cut them out, while his sisters sewed the stitches." The obvious rhyme for the last word we need scarcely supply, but it added to the force of the satire. Curious it is that you cannot hurt a boy more than by comparing him to a girl, and still the effect of sisters on a boy is decidedly of an improving kind. Children without sisters are at a great disadvantage; but, as we said above, a child with a number of sisters shows the fact often with, for himself, an inconvenient candor. A man who has never had a sister enters the world in the most profound ignorance of one-half of it. A brother is not completely at the mercy of the sex. If he is not an idiot, he will have picked experience from the samples under his roof. He can guess fairly enough that a young lady who is sister to some one else in his own station resembles his own sisters, and that the difference can only be slight. But a man whose mother, perhaps, dies early, and who has no sisters, is quite at sea, and it is awful to reflect upon the craft by which he may be taken in.

What a brother's duty is towards his sister, or sisters, is difficult enough to define. In the order of society he is not, broadly speaking, bound to sacrifice himself for them. If such a devotion were required, marriages would have to be postponed to where an abstract union simultaneous with the ceremonial one is said to take place. Of course circumstances should guide him. If the sisters are well-fortuned, and beyond the chances of what are termed the ups and downs of life, a brother is free; but if, on the other hand, they may possibly be exposed to vicissitudes, and left without a protector, his care and duty clearly is to stand by them. Perhaps, however, we should discriminate here. There is no practical use in urging pleas for heroic virtue, and the reason why so many brothers appear to desert the position we suggest they ought to maintain is, that their sisters give them neither credit, honor, nor thanks for it. Unquestionably, a brother should act from loftier motives, but brothers are human, and it will strike them as a waste of existence to toil for sisters who, if they are affectionate, conceal their solicitude under the mask of a tart impatience. This is one of the causes of the miserable number of governesses, and of old maids whom people shun; for the old maids who are popular manage to keep their brothers by them, and thereby show their capacity for winning favor, and also that their condition is a mistake rather than a visitation. We do not mean that there are not selfish brothers, who shelve their sisters and marry, and steer off from them without the shadow of an excuse; but we are convinced that ladies could do more with their brothers if they tried on them, we shall say, about a quarter as much of the art of pleasing as they so readily exert on the brothers of their friends. It is a noble thing to see a brother helping a family when the father is taken off, but it is a disagreeable thing when the same family thwart and fret the voluntary bread-winner, who has foregone the round of beatitudes in "Excelsior" for a life of anxiety and trouble. At the same time, no brother should examine an account with his conscience with an eye to discovering an apology for malfeasance in his fraternal obligations. He would be a scurvy, worthless brother who was not prepared to allow a wide, and a very wide margin, for shyness, temper, or want of reflection, in his sisters, and who would jump at the conclusion that he was badly treated, in order to furnish his selfishness with an excuse for deserting them. The finest gallantry, and the gallantry of a true gentleman, can be shown in devotion to sisters. We believe the ladies ought to incline more to it than they do. Very often it unfortunately happens that a lady does not think of her brother until a period arrives when her affection may be contemplated as rather faded. Married sisters are rather favorable to their brothers, and we have heard that they are so generally in proportion as the brothers have been instrumental in helping them to good husbands.—*London Review.*

The Story of Homer's Iliad.

FROM PROF. FELTON'S LECTURES ON GREECE.

The story of the Iliad is very simple. It begins with the quarrel of Agamemnon and Achilles about a captive girl, in the ninth year of the war. Achilles, in anger, withdraws from the Grecian camp. A series of battles follows, in which the Greeks, deprived of their swift-footed champion, suffer defeat and slaughter. In the meantime the secondary heroes press forward, and become the leading figures in the martial picture. In separate chants the valiant deeds of Diomedes, Ajax, Menelaus, Agamemnon, are commemorated. But the Trojans, led on by the crested Hector, drive the Greeks down to the very ramparts of the ships. One by one the heroes are wounded and disabled, and the prospect of disastrous overthrow stares the army in the face. Agamemnon, at length, convinced of his fatal error, and anxious to recall the angry hero, sends an embassy with the offer of ample reparation. The proposal is haughtily rejected. The war again proceeds, with varying fortune. The Greeks are driven within their walls, and the Trojans, led on by Hector, threaten to fire the ships. The battle wavers; Hector is wounded, and the Trojans are driven back. Achilles at length consents that Patroclus, his brother-in-arms, shall put on his armor and go forth to battle. The appearance of this champion, clad in the complete steel of the son of Thetis, at first strikes terror into the hosts of Troy, and gives heart to the Argives. But he is slain and spoiled of his arms by Hector, and fierce combats for the possession of the dead body follow. The Greeks prevail, and bear the slain hero back to the camp. Achilles, overwhelmed with sorrow, abandons himself to unrestrained lamentation. This calls his mother, Thetis, up from the sea. She finds him prostrate with grief, yet eager to exact a bloody vengeance from Hector and the Trojans; but Hector has the armor. She goes to the smithy of Hephaistos, who readily forges a new shield of divine workmanship, a breastplate brighter than the blaze of fire, a strong-wrought helmet with a golden crest, and metal greaves. Achilles receives the arms, becomes reconciled with Agamemnon, who sends him precious gifts, and restores the captive Briseis. After lamenting over the dead Patroclus, he mounts the car and rushes to the field, careless of life, and longing only for vengeance. And now the war comes to its terrible turning-point. The Trojan and Grecian champions are arrayed in deadly strife, and the divided deities share, according to their several likings, in the battle. As the action approaches a close, the description rises in grandeur. At length both armies are withdrawn from the field, and Achilles and Hector alone remain. A single combat follows, and Hector falls. Achilles insults the body of his foe, lashes him to his car, and drags him down to his tent, in the sight of Priam and the Trojans, who gaze heart-stricken from the walls upon the dreadful spectacle. The Greeks returning to the camp, funeral games are performed in honor of Patroclus, and twelve Trojan youths are slaughtered to appease his shade. Thus twelve days are consumed. Priam resolves to visit the hostile camp, and to implore of Achilles the restoration of his dead son. An auspicious omen inspires him with hope. He departs, taking with him costly gifts, by which he thinks to appease his vindictive enemy. He is met by Hermes, in the form of a young man, who guides him to the tent of Achilles. The Grecian hero, astonished at his sudden appearance, gives him a hospitable reception, and, overcome by pity for his unequalled woes, consents to surrender the body of Hector. It is borne back to the city; the inhabitants receive it with loud lamentations; funeral rites are performed; and so the poem closes.

SONG.

O roses for the flush of youth,
And laurel for the perfect prime;
But pluck an ivy branch for me,
Grown old before my time.

O violets for the grave of youth,
And bay for those dead in their prime;
Give me the withered leaves I chose
Before, in the olden time.

SERVANTS' DRESS.—The servants of the last generation were respectably dressed, because their under clothing was equally good with their upper, giving a due proportion of their wages to supply each. But now, how widely altered is the case. The present style of dress, which they think so important to adopt, consumes even the very high wages which they ask: and the same servants who must have their velvet mantles, and their bonnets half covered with lace and artificial flowers, and their gowns made in the exact style of the dress of their mistress, and the white sleeves, and the edging for their petticoats, and the veils, and the little strips of velvet for their hair and their throat, are satisfied to have their under clothing in a most disgraceful and beggarly condition.—*Why do Servants Dress as they do?*

☞ FRIENDSHIP.—Friendship is a sweet attraction of the heart towards the merit we esteem, or the perfections we admire; and produces a mutual inclination between two or more persons to promote each other's interest, knowledge, virtue and happiness.

JOYCE DORMER'S STORY.

BY JEAN BONCŒUR.

CHAPTER III.

Later in the day Miss Carmichael arrived, but Joyce saw little of her until bed-time, for Mr. Carmichael immediately after tea carried her off to his study. "He wished to hear much that she could tell him of his sister." Here Mr. Carmichael's face assumed a more sombre expression than usual, relieved by something supposed to be a faint smile that attempted to play round the corners of his mouth, and was intended to convey to the observer that melancholy and pleasure were mingled in the anticipated revelations; but the smile, signally failing in its efforts to perform an unusual task, served only to elongate Mr. Carmichael's lips, and display a narrow gleam of shining white teeth.

Whatever Mr. Carmichael wished to hear, and whatever he might have to say, took some time, and when he returned from the conference there was a look of satisfaction upon his countenance that was by no means premeditated, but was, as the most casual beholder could at once perceive, the index to what was passing in his mind.

Aunt Lotty glanced at him and became less constrained than she generally was in his presence, and with a cheerful air she knitted away as though the knitting had to be finished within a limited period,—her senses being pervaded by a misty impression that something good was going to happen to every one.

So the evening wore away, and every one retired to rest, and Joyce sat brushing her hair before the glass.

There came a gentle tap at the door leading into Miss Carmichael's bed-room, and a voice said,—

"May I come in?"

"Yes," replied Joyce.

The door opened, and Miss Carmichael entered.

"Oh," said she, looking round the room, "you have but one easy-chair, and, as I want to have a long talk, I may as well bring in one of mine."

She darted back and reappeared carrying an arm-chair almost as large as herself. It was a wonder to Joyce how so slight a creature could carry so great a burden; but Miss Carmichael was lithe and well-made, and it was apparently little exertion to her.

She was a slender creature, with large brown eyes, and dusky brown hair, and a clear white complexion without a tinge of color in it. A fairy-like being who seemed to float about and be here, there, and everywhere at the same moment.

She seated herself in the arm-chair and gazed steadily and scrutinizingly at Joyce.

"Put down your brush and attend to me," said she, when she had finished her survey.

"What do you want, Miss Carmichael?"

"Miss Carmichael!" she repeated, with a contemptuous curl of lip, "Miss Carmichael! Nonsense, my name is Doris, call me so if you please. What is yours?"

"Joyce Dormer."

"Are you my cousin, Joyce Dormer?"

"No, I am Mrs. Carmichael's niece."

"Oh, then," returned Miss Carmichael, "you have an advantage over me."

"What do you mean?"

"Mean? why, that your aunt is infinitely preferable to my uncle. Have you not found that out? How long have you been here? Longer than I have, at any rate, and I came to the conclusion in half a second."

"Mr. Carmichael is said to be an upright and conscientious man," answered Joyce, quoting from Aunt Lotty's commendations.

"Said-to-be's don't generally amount to much," responded Miss Carmichael; "besides which, I asked for your own opinion."

"Suppose I don't choose to give it?"

"That's all I want," said she; "we shall get on capitally; you're to be my instructress, I hear. If you had been an ally of my uncle, I should not have paid the slightest attention to you; as it is, I see that our views coincide with regard to him, and therefore I am led to conclude that they may agree in other matters. I've a natural inclination for learning, but there's not been much thrown in my way, and I should be too old to learn from any one else; but I like your looks, and, though you can't be so very much older than myself, I don't mind following your directions."

"I am twenty-one," said Joyce.

"Of age," said Miss Carmichael, musingly; "do you feel very old and very important? I am to come into a fortune when I am twenty-one, so my uncle has been telling me; but where it is to come from is more than I can tell, for my father left nothing, and my mother and I have had hard work to get along."

Joyce looked at Miss Carmichael in surprise; her hands were white and delicate, as though she had never used them for work.

Miss Carmichael's eye followed in the direction of Joyce's glance.

"I can make beautiful lace," she said, "and my mother could make it even better than I could."

She covered her face with her hands and was silent for some moments, rocking backwards and forwards in her chair. Suddenly she burst forth:

"I don't want this fortune—it's come too late. Why didn't it come sooner? Why didn't my uncle do something for us whilst there was time?"

"But he did not know where you were," said Joyce; "how should he be able to do anything for you?"

"Did he tell you that?" asked the girl, almost fiercely, "did he tell you so? Did he tell you nothing of the letters that my mother wrote to him seven years ago, when we were all but starving? He took no notice of them at first, but at last he sent a reply, and after that my mother never wrote again. Soon afterwards she was very ill, and I thought she would have died. About a year after that, as she was still far from well, she went away somewhere for change of air, but I did not go with her, for we could not both afford to go, and she did not stay long. I don't know that it did her much good; at any rate, she never was the same again. She had grown weak through not having food enough, though I did not know it at the time, and she never recovered her strength, but drooped and faded until—" but Doris bent down her head, and her sobs prevented her continuing her speech.

"Joyce Dormer," she suddenly exclaimed, "would you not think a fortune a mockery if you were in my place? When I think how small a portion would have kept us from the misery we have suffered—when I think that:—oh, Joyce! it cannot give me back my mother. And yet I believe that that letter had even more to do with her illness than our privations; there must have been something dreadful in it, or it would not have shaken her so. I have it carefully sealed up, and sometime I shall open it; sometime, she said I might; and then you shall read it, and we shall learn more of my Uncle Carmichael."

Joyce was silent. Mr. Carmichael had practised deception even at the outset; but she could scarcely understand how so shrewd a man should have so blundered. Had he not foreseen that she and Miss Carmichael were likely to compare notes? True, he might regard his niece as having been too much of a child at the time of his correspondence with his sister to be capable of making any very important revelations; indeed he evidently looked upon her as so much of a child even at the present time, that he would probably not give her credit for understanding much of her mother's affairs seven years ago. Still, Mr. Carmichael had deceived her. Joyce felt it, and Miss Carmichael appeared to have strong misgivings of his integrity, from her next remark.

"We must stand by one another, Joyce; we shall perhaps need a friend in this house."

"My Aunt Lotty," suggested Joyce.

Miss Carmichael shook her head.

"Aunt Lotty is too much afraid of Uncle Carmichael."

"How do you know that?" inquired Joyce, in some surprise.

"Can I not see with my own eyes? *Poor* people watch a good deal, Joyce; their eyes get sharpened," said she, half smiling and half sighing. "Poverty improves some part of the mental machinery, but I am not learned enough to tell you which portion. But we will not go into that, or I shall keep you sitting up all night. I see that you are just on the eve of a disquisition that I am not quite up to yet, though I have thought more on such subjects than you would imagine. Good-night," and she rose, lifting the chair with the same ease that had so much surprised Joyce before.

"I shall see you again," answered Joyce, "for I sleep in the little bed in your room. Have you any objection?"

"None in the least. I suppose they thought I should be frightened in such a large room. Is it haunted?" she added, jestingly.

"I thought—I heard—"

"Well—what did you hear?"

"That you were a little timid," said Joyce, hesitatingly.

Miss Carmichael clapped her hands.

"Joyce," said she, when she could speak without laughing, "you must not believe all you hear; just take me for what you find me. I am not more afraid than you are."

"But I am a little afraid sometimes," replied her companion.

"I never am, so I can take care of you; I am as bold as a lion, and have need to be, for I have come into the lion's den. My uncle has no fear neither; there is that much of a Carmichael about him, but not much else. See," said she, leaving the chair, and unfastening a locket that hung by a black velvet round her throat, "here is a likeness of my mother; it was taken many years since by an artist who lived in the village where we were living; not the one that I came from, but one where we were happier. We removed to the village where my mother died, on—on account of work," finished up Miss Carmichael, with a great sob.

Joyce took the locket, and opening it, discovered the miniature of a fair woman, with the sweetest expression she had ever seen.

Certainly it bore no resemblance to Mr. Carmichael: the eyes were blue, the hair very light; neither could Joyce trace any likeness in it to Miss Carmichael.

"I am not like my mother," observed Miss Carmichael, noting Joyce's look.

"No."

"We had no likeness of my father, and I was but a baby when he died, so I don't know if I am like him either," said Miss Carmichael, "my mother never spoke of him, and so I never heard what he was like."

She took the locket, which Joyce was still examining.

"It is a curious locket," said Joyce.

"Yes, it was one of my mother's few remaining treasures, and Gabriel painted the portrait to put into it."

"Gabriel! Who was Gabriel?"

"The artist I was speaking of; his mother was a friend of my mother's; she was very kind to us, but she is dead now." Again she turned towards her own room. "We are firm allies, Joyce," said she, looking back.

"Yes, Miss Carmichael."

"Doris," said she, somewhat impatiently; "you cannot think how much out of place Miss Carmichael sounds."

"Doris, then."

"Thank you," rejoined Doris, gravely; "good-night," and she closed the door.

And then Joyce opened her diary and wrote until a late hour.

When she retired to her little bed, Miss Carmichael was asleep.

CHAPTER IV.

The nearest house to Green Oake was Lyncourt, the residence of Mr. John Gresford Lynn; indeed it was the only house of any importance that was near at all, consequently the Gresford Lynns might be said to be the Carmichaels' only neighbors.

But that there was no neighborly feeling between them, or at least between the heads of the houses, was soon apparent to Joyce.

She had met Mr. Gresford Lynn a day or two after her arrival, and inquired of Mr. Carmichael as to where he lived and who he was, observing that he was a handsome man. But Mr. Carmichael looked sterner and graver than ever, and bade her not mention the name to him, as Mr. Gresford Lynn was no friend of his.

So Joyce was silenced, but unsatisfied. The next Sunday, as they were all going to church, they met Mr. Gresford Lynn face to face. He did not look at Mr. Carmichael, neither did Mr. Carmichael look at him; but they saw each other for all that, and Mr. Carmichael's thin lips seemed thinner than ever, so tightly did he close them.

Mr. Lynn had turned round to help his wife, who had just driven up to the church-gate in a low pony carriage. Her veil was partly raised, so Joyce caught a glimpse of a pale, thin face, that must once have been very beautiful, but she looked ill and worn now, and her thick black hair made her face look even whiter than it was. She was evidently in the last stage of decline.

Mr. Gresford Lynn was a tall man with a delicate complexion, that gave him the appearance of being many years younger than he really was; and he looked down at his wife as she leaned upon his arm so tenderly, that Joyce wondered how a face that could assume an expression so almost angelic, could have looked so scornful as it did but a few moments since, and as it looked again when he passed the Carmichael party in the porch, where they had paused a moment for Aunt Lotty to fasten her shawl.

And Mr. Carmichael's lips were again compressed, and a scowl passed over his brow.

Thus the two men went up into the house of God to pray. Mr. Carmichael repeated the responses audibly, so Joyce could hear him say, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us." And she wondered what answer would come to Mr. Carmichael's prayer.

Yet how many people do the same! How many attend church regularly, repeat the prayers and take part in the responses, and come out as hard and unforgiving towards their enemies as when they went in! They are satisfied with the mechanism of religion, without considering the wheels and springs. And so the machinery gets out of order, and does not work, and is pronounced a bad invention, and man takes out a new patent for himself, for he is a bad workman, and complains of the old tools. Or it may be that his mind is retrogressive, and he considers the ancient doctrine of "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," superior to the Christian dispensation.

When Joyce and Doris one day discussed the matter, Doris attributed it to the fact that the greater part of mankind were humbugs.

It was a sweeping and, perhaps, not uncharitable solution of the difficulty. There is not a vast amount of honesty in the world, and people do not seem to be aware of their shortcomings in that point of morality. Poor Pope has been cavilled at for the sentiment, that "an honest man's the noblest work of God," but Pope was not so much at fault. It requires a stronger man, a man of more invincible will and inflexible principle to be an honest man in this world, than those who condemn Pope have any idea of. Of course Pope was not thinking much of the "picking and stealing" part of the business; that is a very trifling item.

But to return. The service went on, so did the responses, and the congregation called themselves "miserable sinners" as often as it was written down in the Prayer-book. Doubtless they spoke the truth with their lips, but in their hearts they probably regarded the epithet as being simply a technical term, a part of the religious machinery they were grinding at.

There were two little boys in Mr. Gresford Lynn's pew, lovely as cherubs: the elder might be eight, the younger not more than four years of age. They were his only surviving children; the rest had died in infancy.

At one period Joyce noted that Mr. Carmichael's eye was riveted on the eldest of these two children, and that a gleam of malignant triumph beamed on his countenance. Wherefore?

If Mr. Carmichael hated the father,—as for some reason unknown he assuredly did,—why need he extend the feeling towards the innocent children?

Yet the baleful smile still played on Mr. Carmichael's lips, and he softly rubbed the tips of his lavender gloves together as his look strayed every now and then towards the Gresford Lynns' pew.

Mrs. Carmichael's gaze was also directed towards the children, but her glance was one of such undisguised admiration, that it attracted the attention of the mother, and brought a pleased look into her sad face.

The service passed. And moving down the aisle, the Carmichael party brushed against the Gresford Lynns. Mr. Lynn and Mr. Carmichael did not look at each other, but each saw the other as before, and a dark shadow passed over the faces of the two men.

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"Aunt Lotty," said Joyce, as she and Doris were sitting with her in the afternoon, "why does Mr. Carmichael hate Mr. Gresford Lynn?"

"Hate him?" repeated Aunt Lotty, "Mr. Carmichael does not hate Mr. Lynn; he is too good and upright a man to be capable of hating any one."

No sequence, thought Joyce, though she did not say so, but, modifying her form of expression, asked,

"Then why does he not like him?"

Aunt Lotty was perturbed.

"My dear," she answered, "we will not speak of Mr. Gresford Lynn. Mr. Carmichael has good reasons for objecting to him, or he would not do so. I think he must be a bad man in some way, and therefore Mr. Carmichael does not allow him to be spoken of."

"A bad man," echoed Doris, impetuously. "I don't believe it. I beg your pardon, Aunt Lotty, but with such angel children as those, I don't believe any one could be bad; and how careful he was of his wife."

"They are beautiful children," said Aunt Lotty; and she sighed.

"And they looked up at their father so confidingly, and how lovingly he stroked the little one's curls," added Doris. "Aunt Lotty, there is some mistake. I'll clear it all up in a fortnight, and then we shall have some neighbors."

Aunt Lotty looked up in alarm.

"Oh, no, Doris. It would displease Mr. Carmichael exceedingly. He is not accustomed to have his decisions interfered with."

"But there must be some mistake," persisted Doris; "I do not believe that Mr. Lynn is a bad man."

Doris had not noticed the scornful look as Joyce had done; and yet, even having seen it, Joyce found herself agreeing with Mrs. Carmichael's verdict. Then she asked, half-involuntarily,

"Did Mr. Carmichael ever know Mr. Gresford Lynn, Aunt Lotty?"

But the moment after she regretted the question, for Mrs. Carmichael appeared so unaffectedly distressed.

"Dear Joyce, don't ask any questions. I never know anything, and Mr. Carmichael would not approve of this conversation. He would not be pleased at my having allowed you to mention Mr. Lynn's name."

Doris's eyes flashed; but Mrs. Carmichael was not looking at her. Joyce made some trivial remark concerning something in which she had no interest, and so the conversation turned into another channel.

And, after awhile, Aunt Lotty grew drowsy and fell asleep, and the two girls took up their books, but they did not read much; the pages they pored over were less interesting to them than their speculations as to the probable past of Mr. Gresford Lynn.

The past that came within the reach of Doris's

researches during the next week did not throw any light upon the animosity that subsisted between the proprietors of Green Oake and Lynncourt.

Mr. Lynn had come to Lynncourt exactly seven years since. It was a wilderness of a place then, and had been left to him, together with a large fortune, by an uncle, on condition that he would improve and beautify it until his eldest child, whether boy or girl, should have reached the age of twenty-one. It was then, with the greater part of the fortune in money, to pass into the hands of this child.

At the time of his uncle's death, Mr. Lynn, or, rather, Mr. Gresford—for he assumed the name of Lynn in connection with the property—was living in the Brazils, where he had amassed a considerable property, and where he had married a Spanish lady. Their first-born child, a son, was then nearly a year old. John Gresford was beginning to weary of a life abroad, and his thoughts had more than once turned towards his native land.

His wife had no relatives; indeed, her being a penniless orphan, with no one to care for her, had in the first instance been his inducement for marrying her. For John Greeford led a solitary life and entered into no society, and was believed to have had some early disappointment that prevented his thinking of matrimony. However, he married, and surprised the people, and partially silenced their theories. He also partially emerged from his quiet life; but, Mrs. Gresford being delicate, they seemed to their gayer neighbors to lead a life that savored more of the anchorite than of the social member of society. Mr. Gresford's homeward-bound thoughts were brought to a decision by his uncle's will, and he determined to return to England as soon as he could wind up his affairs.

And his affairs being wound up, he set sail for England, arrived at Lynncourt, took possession of the property, and assumed the name of Lynn, in addition to his own. Immediately after their arrival, twin-daughters were born, who lived but a few months, and a small stone cross in the churchyard recorded the early deaths of Ellen and Teresa, the beloved daughters of John and Teresa Gresford Lynn.

There had been several children born since then, but of these only one had survived, the younger of the two boys that Joyce had seen at church.

Joyce and Doris were no nearer the original difficulty. Wherefore were Mr. Carmichael and Mr. Lynn at enmity? Was it as John Gresford that Mr. Carmichael had known him? But yet Mr. Carmichael had never been in South America. And he had never left England since his marriage, which was now well nigh eighteen years ago. Before that time he had been living in Australia. And his relations now were certainly with Australia, and with no other part of the globe; and to the arrival of the Australian mail he looked forward with constant anxiety.

The hatred of the two men, then, dated back prior to those eighteen years of married life That there had been no cause for it since Mr. Lynn's arrival at Lynncourt was easily gleaned from Mrs. Carmichael's utter want of knowledge upon the subject.

Eighteen years at least of intense hatred! Joyce speculated upon it. It is strange how long hate lasts. Is it, then, stronger than love? Truly many a kindness is forgotten, whilst one act that causes anger burns into the heart, and leaves there a scar for ever. In how many hearts are there great raw wounds still open, rankling as if a poisoned dart were piercing them, which no hand has been raised to withdraw, and into whose sores no healing balm has been poured, but which rather have been kept open by a series of constant irritants.

For seven years these men had sat a-nigh each other in the house of God. For seven years had they been aware of each other's presence, yet had ignored it through some long pent up hate that smouldered in their breasts. For seven years they had prospered close by each other, and had enjoyed the blessings of life. True, the death-angel had entered the house of the one, and borne away treasures thence, and the other had seen the little coffins carried from his neighbor's door. Yet had not sorrow in the one case nor compassion in the other softened the two men's hearts. When the sun rose a cloud rose also to darken it, and when the sun went down a cloud still lingered in the firmament, that storm and sunshine alike had failed to chase away.

What were the thoughts deep-buried in the hearts of these two men?

CHAPTER V.

SOME PAGES FROM JOYCE DORMER'S DIARY.

August 20th.—What would Mr. Carmichael say if he knew of our day's adventure?

Fortunately, Mr. Carmichael has been too much engrossed to think of us. He gave out at breakfast that he had business of importance to transact, which would more than occupy him the whole of a long morning.

"Suppose we dine later, then?" suggested Aunt Lotty, timidly. And for once Mr. Carmichael made no objection to her suggestion. Indeed, he gave it a meed of praise.

"It is well thought of," said he. Here poor Aunt Lotty's face quite lighted up—"and the girls will perhaps like to pic-nic in the cornfields. My last field is being carried. You can see to it, Charlotte. Then they need not hurry home to luncheon in the heat of the day."

Really Mr. Carmichael is becoming quite amiable. It is very seldom that he so far unbends from his ordinary coldness and stiffness of manner.

Doris and I set forth. But not to the cornfields. There was a boat on the river, and we had taken to rowing since our arrival at Green Oake. So we paddled lazily down the stream, intending to moor in a favorite nook about a mile away.

It would have been a forbidden spot had Mr. Carmichael known of our partiality for it, since it lay close on the borders of Lynncourt, in a part where Mr. Lynn owned the fishing.

But Mr. Carmichael did not know of it, and we felt no inclination to obey him in "the spirit." Other obedience than "the letter" we held to be supererogatory, and determined to take our pleasure until a decided check should be put to it.

It was a spot little frequented by the Gresford Lynns, so there was not much danger of meeting them.

Not that we should have had the least objection to doing so, for the beautiful children who were so soon to lose their pale dark-eyed mother had some irresistible attraction for Doris, and I must confess that I had a secret desire to see Mr. Gresford Lynn and to judge for myself what manner of man he was.

It was a sultry day, and we were glad to get under the shady trees. We could not have chosen a more sheltered spot; the branches drooped, and in some places dipped into the water, and through narrow openings we caught a glimpse of the landscape beyond, with the river winding far away towards the distant hills. And how green the water looked with the shade of the leaves cast upon it! "Like to the waters of an emerald sea," so Doris said, as she looked down into the clear depths.

"Beneath a vaulted roof of emerald spread," added I, falling into her humor, and looking up at the layers of leaves through which the sun could not find its way.

"Just the place to be poetic in," mused Doris, moving aside a bough to get a peep at the view. And as she did so a party came in sight, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Lynn, and the two children. Mr. Lynn was pushing his wife's garden chair himself.

Mrs. Lynn looked whiter than ever, and very languid. Her husband wheeled the chair close to the water's edge and seated himself on a mossy stump near. I could not see his face, for his back was towards me. But I could see his wife's. She was speaking very slowly, and in a low faint tone.

We could not hear what she said, and yet I felt as though we were eavesdroppers. I looked at Doris, the thought had also occurred to her.

"Let us go a little further down the stream," said she.

As we pushed gently past the spot where Mr. and Mrs. Gresford Lynn were sitting, the two boys who had been collecting some few ears of corn that had been left after the gleaning, attracted by the boat, ran quickly towards the river to see us pass. The ground sloped considerably, and the elder of the two, who was in advance of his brother, not being able to stop himself, or not seeing the abrupt termination of the slope, made one step too many and in a moment plunged headlong into the water.

A cry of horror burst from Doris. The cry and the plunge caused Mr. Lynn to turn his head, and at the same moment Mrs. Lynn became aware of what had happened.

How it came to pass, I know not, but before I had time to think, like a flash, I saw the child rise to the surface and lie in the boat in Doris's arms; she sobbing like a child over him.

I did not seem to see it, I only knew that it was done; that a lithe figure had leaned over and caught a wet form, lifting it into the boat with a strength that appeared almost superhuman.

It was like a dream, from which the pleasant voice of Mr. Lynn awoke me, as he spoke cheeringly to the frightened boy.

"Only a ducking, little man; we must run home for some dry clothes."

But I could detect a quiver in the firm-set lips, and I knew that he did not lightly estimate the danger his child had been in.

We had pulled close to the spot where Mrs. Lynn was sitting. She was much agitated, and I could see Mr. Lynn was in some perplexity as to how he should act. Emboldened by our eventful introduction, I asked,—

"Can I be of any use? Let me take the child home."

But the boy clung to his father and would not leave him.

"I shall not be long away," said Mr. Lynn, turning anxiously to his wife.

"No," she said, answering his thoughts, "I do not mind being left; go with him, dear."

And we stayed with Mrs. Lynn until his return. I don't know how it is that Doris creeps into people's hearts as she does, but she was sitting at Mrs. Lynn's feet as if she had known her all her life, and Mrs. Lynn's slender fingers were stroking back her ruffled hair.

No one spoke much, we were all thinking of what *might* have happened, but when Mr. Lynn came back, and we rose to go away, Mrs. Lynn with her sweet foreign accent said,

"I hope we shall meet again"

A shade passed over Mr. Lynn's face as I looked up to him, scarcely knowing what to answer.

"I think you understand how matters are," said he, after a moment's hesitation.

"Yes and no," I replied.

"The yes is sufficient," he said, with a sigh. "I have no power to do anything but to ask Mr. Carmichael's nieces not to think me ungrateful." And again his lip quivered, though his voice was calm and steady.

And I absolved this man from all wrong in the quarrel, whatever it might have been, between him and Mr. Carmichael.

I wonder if we shall ever know more of these people, ever meet them again, and ever learn the secret sore that festers still, and makes the neighbors enemies?

Doris and I can talk of nothing else, and probably we talk a great deal more than we should otherwise do, because it is a forbidden subject. The spirit of Bluebeard's wives has animated us; but I hope it will not be to so tragical an ending.

And Doris says,

"If Aunt Lotty had been Bluebeard's last wife, the story never would have been written."

Poor Aunt Lotty! I should so like to tell her of our meeting with the Lynns. But still it is better not. She can keep nothing from Mr. Carmichael. I am quite sure he confesses her every night. She is so anxious not to hear anything we have to say that might be displeasing to him.

By the way, what could Mr. Carmichael have been doing in Doris's room?

Doris had stopped for a minute in the garden to gather some heliotrope. I was, therefore, in advance of her, and had reached the top of the stairs before she entered the house. As I did so, Mr. Carmichael came hastily along the passage. He gave a little start as he saw me, and muttered something about the flapping of a window in Doris's room that had disturbed him.

But that could scarcely have been, for there was not a breath of wind stirring, and the casement, though not fastened back, hung as steadily against the wall as if an iron clasp had held it there.

Besides, there was a consciousness in his manner that convinced me he was not speaking the truth. I said nothing to Doris, nor do I intend to say anything to her at present; but I shall watch, and see what takes place.

I could not help asking,

"Where do you keep your mother's letters, Doris?"

"Locked up in my cedar box," she answered. "There are other letters in the same packet. My mother sealed them all up together, and desired me not to open them as long as I had a home at Green Oake, and was happy there."

"And you are happy," I said, half questioning her.

"Oh, yes, as long as you and Aunt Lotty are here. Uncle Carmichael would of course be a dead weight, unless there were counter-charms. He seems to bring winter with him on the hottest day. But when this fortune comes, if ever it does come, if I don't like being here I can go away; and you must go with me, Joyce, for I could not part with you."

She had grown wonderfully fond of me in the short time we had been together. Her clinging, impulsive nature could not do without a prop to twine itself around. And yet she was strong enough in will and daring—stronger sometimes than I. A curious mixture of strength and weakness, that gave a certain fascination to her character. "She cannot part with me!" All very well, thought I, at present; but in the future other interests may step in. However, I did not pursue my musings on this subject, for another matter was weighing on my mind. An idea had taken possession of me, an idea of which I could not divest myself.

"I should very much like to see your mother's handwriting, Doris," said I, reverting to my idea. "Would it pain you to show it to me?"

"No," returned Doris, kneeling down by a small trunk, and taking therefrom the cedar box. She unlocked it, and gave me the packet to look at. There were only a few words of superscription in a clear, though somewhat trembling hand—"To be opened by my dear Doris when she needs assistance."

I looked carefully at the envelope. It was sealed with red wax, and her mother's Christian name was upon the seal.

I examined it attentively.

"It is sealed with this seal that I always wear now," said Doris, lifting up a bunch of trinkets attached to a little chain that Mr. Carmichael had presented her with. But suddenly she cried out—

"My seal is gone, my mother's seal! Oh! where can I have lost it?"

She darted out of the room, and flew downstairs. Mr. and Mrs. Carmichael were still in the drawing-room.

"Oh, Aunt Lotty! Aunt Lotty! I have lost my seal; perhaps it has dropped somewhere on the floor."

I had followed close upon her steps, and I saw Mr. Carmichael start as he had done in the passage; but he quickly recovered himself, and joined with much alacrity in the search.

"You may have lost it in the fields," he said, when we had fruitlessly hunted in every imaginable place; "where were you?"

"We did not go into the cornfields," replied I, though the question was not addressed to me; "we went down the river in the boat."

"Ah!" returned Mr. Carmichael; "then that is where you have probably lost it. Either in getting in or getting out it may have caught on something, and the ring have snapped, and so it has dropped."

"Into the water?" interrupted Doris.

"Very likely," said Mr. Carmichael, quietly.

"Was it old, and was the ring much worn?" inquired Aunt Lotty.

"Yes," answered Doris, half-crying.

"I am afraid, dear, that you will not find it, but it shall be searched for," said Aunt Lotty, soothingly.

"I am afraid it is hopeless," said Mr. Carmichael.

And we went up to our rooms again, and once more I looked at the packet, and noticed a slight difference of color at the edges of the seal, as though it had been sealed with two different kinds of wax.

It had been my intention to offer to take care of this packet for Doris, as I had had a presentiment that it might somehow fall into Mr. Carmichael's hands, though why I should have this feeling I cannot imagine, nor why I should have had any misgivings with regard to it. However, I felt convinced that it was safe enough now, as containing nothing else that Mr. Carmichael wanted. How far it had been tampered with no one but himself would ever know.

Shall I mention my suspicions to Doris? I cannot make up my mind. Perhaps it is better to be silent until I have something tangible to lay before her.

There is a cat-like stealthiness in Mr. Carmichael's manner that makes me distrust him. How could Aunt Lotty pin her faith on such a man? But he is so plausible, and Aunt Lotty is so unsuspicious. I have no doubt she thinks herself unequally yoked with an angel! Alas! alas! how credulous some women are. Thank goodness, I am not.

* * * * *

Aug. 21.—Another confirmatory proof that I am not altogether on a wrong track.

Doris and I came down late to breakfast, despite our intention of being up betimes to hunt again for the missing seal. But, being tired with the fatigue and excitement of the day, we slept on longer than usual.

"Not that there is the faintest shadow of a hope," said Doris, "for I am afraid it must have snapped when I drew the child out of the water."

"It might, in that case, have fallen into the boat."

A gleam of hope shot across Doris's countenance.

"Yes; it may yet be found."

But not in that way.

We had not been long at breakfast before Mr. Carmichael came in.

He went softly behind Doris, and dropped something on her plate.

It was the seal.

"Oh, you dear, good Uncle Carmichael!" screamed Doris, jumping up and dancing round him, "where did you find it? Was it in the boat or on the bank, or on the path or amongst the grass, or—"

"Stop, stop!" said Mr. Carmichael; "how can I tell you if you won't let me speak. It was under a tuft of grass by the boat-house. I was very near not seeing it."

I looked up suddenly at Mr. Carmichael, and our eyes met.

He fell. Yet how did he know that I knew he was telling a falsehood?

"It is snapped in two, you see," continued Mr. Carmichael, scarcely however allowing Doris to look, for he had taken possession of the seal again, and now held it in his hand. "I shall not let you have it until the ring is made quite safe; it has worn through. I will take it over to Winstowe with me to-day."

"Thanks, thanks," said Doris, and Mr. Carmichael, who had already breakfasted, beat a hasty retreat.

"Your uncle has been looking for it this last half-hour or more," observed Aunt Lotty, quietly.

Time wasted, thought I.

"He is so very persevering and patient," pursued simple Aunt Lotty; "he never gives up anything that he sets his mind upon."

I sat still and listened, but I said nothing. I had no wish to be a hypocrite in my own eyes, so I left the conversation to my aunt and to Doris.

I am somewhat curious to discover whither this mysterious occurrence tends, but I shall keep my own counsel, for Doris will open her eyes in time, and her unbiassed judgment will decide more truly than if I had set her upon the track.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Typographical Horrors.

A New York letter writer thus sketches a few typographical errors:

One day last year, Mr. Greeley wrote an editorial entitled "William H. Seward." Imagine his rage when it came to him in proof headed "Richard the Third!" Yet anybody familiar with his chirography, if his inky jerks can be so designated, will readily see, not only how such a mistake could be made, but how it probably would be. Again he wrote about "three men in buckram," and the prosaic type-setter got it "three men in a back room."

And this, notwithstanding the fact that two compositors of sagacity and experience are hired at an extra salary, because they can read his copy. But George Ripley has been the victim of the grossest outrages in this line. In one of his book notices he took the liberty of quoting from Shakspeare, "'Tis true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis, 'tis true." And the wretched bungler got it, "'Tis two, 'tis fifty; 'tis fifty, 'tis fifty-two?" That is some worse than James F. Babcock's martyrdom, when he wrote, "Is there no balm in Gilead?" and read the next morning, to his consternation, "Is there no barn in Guilford?" Mr. Crawford, a member of Parliament, recently sent to India the message, "The news from America favors the holders;" and it arrived there with the information that "news from America savors of soldiers!"

"Up the Spout."

James Greenwood's account of "An Evening with My Uncle," reveals the mysteries of a London pawnbroker's shop. Most persons have heard the slang phrase about putting things "up the spout," but perhaps all do not understand the origin of it. It is explained in the following paragraph:

"Against the wall opposite to the boxes, and facing the middle one, the 'spout' is built. The 'spout' at a pawnbroker's, as the gentle reader will please to understand, is a boxed-in space penetrating the upper warehouse floors, and contrived for the more ready delivery of pledged goods; which consisting, as they usually do among poor folks, of wearing apparel, and boots, and shoes, and bed-linen, may be collected from their various places of stowage and bundled by the dozen through the aperture in question from the top of the house to the bottom. To accommodate Uncle Gawler's extensive business, his 'spout' was of enormous size. The opening was as large as a kitchen chimney, and to two sides of it upright ladders were fixed."

☞ Feathers and feather bands are and will be fashionable for some time to come. Striped silks are trimmed with plaited rippon, *en tablier*, and round the bottom; crape plaits are much worn round bonnets and left to hang entwined with flowers. I cannot admire them. Our spring bonnets will either be very flat or all "Bolivar" shape—high up in the air, like coal scuttles, and flat behind. The prettiest hat will be Cérès, a kind of Watteau, trimmed with bunches of brown berries in a garland of frosted leaves, tied on with maize or straw-colored strings. Bonnet strings will be narrow.—*Paris Correspondent New York Herald, February 1.*

☞ An Ohio editor refused to speak to the toast "Woman," on the ground that woman was able to speak for herself, and any man who undertook to do it for her would get into trouble.

☞ Conversation among betrothed ones is a breach of Japanese etiquette.

☞ A Tennessee editor complains that he has recently seen banks shaving their paper. We once saw a bank director actually shaving himself.

☞ Religion.—That is a bad religion which makes us hate the religion of other people. That is a bad sect of Christians which encourages its members to think contemptuously of all other sects of Christians.

☞ The Mobile Times, alluding to Morrissey's connection with a Tory paper, suggests that his articles will be indicated by a fist.

☞ Courting.—If a girl refuses you, don't give it up, but try it again. Because two negatives make an affirmative in grammar, however, don't consider yourself accepted when a girl jilts you twice.

I asked one female forty-one times, and at last she got to expect it whenever I came, and sometimes would hollow out "No!" from the top of the stairs before I got fairly in the house. This is unusual, let me here remark.—*Old Miserable.*

☞ The Lewiston Journal notices, as another instance of Yankee ingenuity, the formation of a company at Mechanic Falls, called the Furlong Paper Pantalett Company, to manufacture borders to ladies' drawers and children's pantalette—an ornamental appurtenance to be buttoned to the garment, which may be readily replaced when soiled.

☞ The Adventists of Connecticut are preparing to "go up" on or about June 16th.

☞ The daughter of a St. Louis chimney-sweep is about to be married, and the father has issued over eight hundred invitations.

☞ A young lady, after reading attentively the title of a novel called "The Last Man," exclaimed, "Bless me, if such a thing were to happen, what would become of the women?" We think a more pertinent inquiry is, what would become of the poor *man?*

☞ The agricultural products of California are now worth more than her gold crop. This is an indication of substantial prosperity. Gold is good, but after all, not as "good as wheat."

☞ A young lady in New York was recently presented with a basket of flowers valued at nine hundred dollars. It was the most elegant and exquisite thing of the kind ever gotten up.

☞ The same expenditure of money that will get a train over a mile with a grade of eighty feet will send it over four miles on a level.

☞ American "News" from London.—The Court Journal tells its readers that "the latest American novelty, called the 'hot skate,' adapted for ladies, has a silver chamber for heating and keeping the foot warm." We should like to see one of those hot skates.

☞ Never accept the invitation of a man who is known to be ruled by his wife; neither bargain with him, unless the terms be written down; nor give him counsel in any shape.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

SPLENDID INDUCEMENTS FOR 1867.

The proprietors of this favorite monthly, beg leave to call the attention of their patrons and the public to their splendid arrangements for the coming year. Preserving all their old and valued contributors, they have now on hand, in addition to shorter stories and sketches, the following novelets, which will appear successively:

ORVILLE COLLEGE,

A new story by Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "The Channings," &c., &c.

HOW A WOMAN HAD HER WAY.

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, author of "Told by the Sun," &c.

NO LONGER YOUNG.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "In Trust," &c.

DORA CASTEL.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Mrs. Wood writes that her story will run through the year. It will begin in the January number.

These will be accompanied by numerous shorter stories, poems, &c., by Florence Percy, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss V. F. Townsend, August Dell, Mrs. Hosmer, Frances Lee, &c., &c.

The Lady's Friend is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, and nothing but what is of a refined and elevating character is allowed entrance into its pages.

The Fashions, Fancy Work, &c.

A Splendid double page finely colored Fashion Plate, engraved on steel, in the finest style of art, will illustrate each number. Also other engravings illustrating the latest patterns of Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

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The Terms for Clubs of THE LADY'S FRIEND are also precisely the same as for THE POST—and the Clubs also can be made up for both Magazine and Paper conjointly if desired.

☞ The contents of the Lady's Friend and of The Post will always be entirely different.

☞ Specimen numbers sent on receipt of 20 cts. Address

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No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

Luxury in Dress.

The late M. Dupin's denunciation of the unbridled extravagance of women under the Second Empire has apparently not been without some effect. If they still dress as richly and fantastically as ever, at least they look more sharply after their bills. The Duchess de Persigny has just gone to law with her milliner, whose charges she resists as excessive. Among other items in the account is a robe of white and gold taffetas, elegantly and appropriately trimmed, with a chemisette and sleeves of Valenciennes lace, the charge for which was £32. A gorgeous robe de bal of maroon and silver tulle, dotted all over with blue and silver butterflies, is priced £48; a satin cloak, also studded with butterflies to match, £14; and a costume of black silk, trimmed with jet ornaments, £28. The court has referred the disputed account to an expert, and deferred its judgment until a report is received.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Production of Evergreens.—When preparing for the December calendar, says the Gardener's Monthly, we alluded to the remarkable fact that the heat given out by evergreen trees was so great as to keep flowers near them in full bloom, fresh and summer-like, up to a late period of the year. As we now write, all budding plants have been killed a month ago by frost two or three degrees below the freezing point; while a few hundred yards off, even such tender things as scarlet sage, protected a little by the belts of evergreens, are blooming gaily, and will, most probably, remain so till the first week in December. It often astonishes us to find people complaining of the severity of the winter on themselves, their cattle, and their fruits, and flowers, when planting belts of evergreens on the cold quarters would do so much to make things comfortable.

Paris Fashions.—A Paris correspondent states that the ladies' dresses are almost straight in front, with very long trails. The skirts are cut biassed. The waist on the shoulders is cut high, and trimmings are placed not on the upper part of the sleeve, but just above, on the shoulder, giving the expression of an epaulette. The under sleeve is tight, and a large outer sleeve is coming in vogue, open from the top and lined with some pretty colored silk, similar to the color of the trimmings. For evening dresses, velvets and satins are much worn. For a finish to the waist a *peplum* is often worn, a bit of the same material separate from the waist, which separation a highly ornamented belt conceals. The *peplum* is often attached to the belt, and is a series of squares or lobes more or less deep, each trimmed with heavy bead trimmings.

Wholesomeness of Apples.—Raw, mellow apples are digested in an hour and a half, while boiled cabbage requires five hours. The most healthful desert that can be placed on the table is a baked apple. If eaten frequently at breakfast, with coarse bread and butter, without meat or flesh of any kind, it has an admirable effect on the general system, often removing constipation, correcting acidities, and cooling off febrile conditions more effectually than the most approved medicines. Liebig says they prevent debility, strengthen digestion, correct the putrefactive tendencies of nitrogenous food, avert scurvy, and probably maintain and strengthen the power of productive labor.

☞ A Model Banker.—Recently, in Chicago, an enterprising man began business as a "banker," and after making a most lavish display, suddenly collapsed. The sheriff seizing the "assets" of the banking house, classified them as follows: United States notes, $8.40; specie—silver, $6 75, copper 3 cents; foreign coin, 1 cent; total available, $15 19.

R. R. R.—Radway's Ready Relief.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the Relief guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other Liniment, no kind of Pain-killer, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactory as Radway's Ready Relief. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions,* pain, *from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for Sprains, or Burns, or Scalds, or Cuts, Cramps, Bruises, or Strains. It is excellent for Chilblains, Mosquito Bites, also Stings of Poisonous Insects. It is unparalleled for Sun Strokes, Apoplexy, Rheumatism, Toothache, Tic Doloureux, Inflammation of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. mar2-eowtf

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Dermatologist, author of the above valuable Book, published and for sale by JAMES MILLER, 522 Broadway, can be consulted at No. 49 Bond street, New York, for all cutaneous diseases of the head or scalp. Loss of hair and premature grayness; *moles, warts and worts* permanently cured; moth patches, freckles, pimples, comedones (called black worms), and all brown discolorations removed from the face.

To remove moth patches, freckles, or any brown discoloration from the skin, ask your druggist for Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion, or send to Dr. Perry.

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Holloway's Ointment is indeed a blessing to the afflicted; old ulcers and sore legs that have defied every effort to heal are cured to a certainty by the powerful cleansing and healing properties of the salve. Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 23d of Feb., by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, Mr. Louis N. David to Miss Emily H. Altemose, both of this city.

On the 3d of Feb., by the Rev. P. Coombe, Mr. Adolph Uhl, of Philada., to Miss Magdie Wheatley, of West Chester, Chester county, Pa.

On the 6th of Feb., by the Rev. Wm. T. Eva, Mr. Daniel D. Sowden to Miss Lizzie Calhoun.

On the 26th of Nov. last, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. T. Hicks Huston to Miss Lizzie B., daughter of John Abel, Esq., both of this city.

On the 19th of Feb., by the Rev. James Cooper, Mr. Godfrey Klauder to Miss Lizzie White, daughter of Wm. White, Esq., both of this city.

On the 14th of Feb., by the Rev. E. T. Kenney, William S. Lauer to Caroline E. Krewson, both of Somerton.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

Near Moorestown, New Jersey, on the 26th of February, Mr. Thomas Hooton, in the 57 year of his age.

On the 23th of Feb., Robert J. Mountain, aged 27 years.

On the 24th of Feb., Theodore H. Wilson, aged 26 years.

On the 24th of Feb., Charles C. Baker, in his 42d year.

On the 24th of Feb., Isaac H. Potter, in his 61st year.

On the 23d of Feb., Mr. John Dunlap, in his 36th year.

On the 23d of Feb., Mr. Joseph R. Shields, in his 61st year.

On the 23d of Feb., Mrs. Mary F., widow of the late John Rodgers.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market continues dull. Sales of 5000 bbls at $5@6,75 for Superfine; $9@10,50 for Extras; $10,50@12,50 for Northwest Extra family; $11,50@13,50 for Penna and Ohio do do, and $14,50@17 for fancy brands, according to quality; 200 bbls Rye Flour sold at $7,25.

GRAIN—There is very little Wheat offering. Sales of 2000 bus Penna red at $2,90@3,09, and 4000 bus California at $3,20@3,25; 600 bus Penna Rye sold at $1,30. Corn—Sales of 12,000 bus new yellow at 97@98c. Oats—Sales of 2000 bus Penna at 59c.

PROVISIONS—There is more doing. Sales are making at $21,50@22 ₩ bbl for new mess Pork; 15@18c ₩ lb for plain and fancy bacon Hams; 13@13½c for pickled do; 9@9½c for salt Shoulders, and 13@13½c ₩ lb for Lard in bbls and tcs. Mess Beef sells at $17@20 for Western, and $22,50@23 ₩ bbl for city packed. Butter—Small sales are making at 18@21c for roll; 30@31c for dairy, and 16@20c ₩ lb for solid packed. Cheese is selling at 21@22c ₩ lb for New York factory. Eggs sell at 20@22c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—The market has been dull; about 1000 bales of middlings sold at 31@31½c for uplands, and 32@32½c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

BEESWAX—Sales of Yellow at 38@39c ₩ lb.

COAL continues dull; we quote White Ash at $4,50@5, and Red Ash at $4,75@5,25 ₩ ton, as to quality.

FEATHERS—Sales prime Western at 63@65c.

FRUIT—Dried Apples—Sales of Southern at 9½@12c, and 10½@11½c for Western. Dried Peaches; sales at 17½@18c for halves; 15@16c for quarters, and 30@38c for peel.

HAY—Sales at $1,85@1,90 ₩ 100 lbs for best Timothy, and $1,65@1,70 for mixed and inferior.

HOPS—Prime new sell at 60@70c, and fair to good at 40@50c ₩ lb.

PLASTER—The last sale of Soft was at $4,50 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—There is more doing in Clover; 2000 bushels of prime old crop sold at $7,25, and 1500 bushels of common to prime new at from $7,75@8,25 ₩ 64 lbs. Timothy—1400 bushels sold at from $3,50@3,75. Flaxseed sells on arrival at $3,25 ₩ bushel.

SPIRITS—New England Rum sells at 69,70@2,75 ₩ gallon.

TALLOW—Small sales at 10½@11c for city rendered, and 10½@10½c ₩ lb for country.

WOOL—The market continues dull. About 90,000 lbs sold in lots at from 67@68c for double extra; 63@66c for extra; 55@58c for fine; 50@55c for medium; 45@50c for coarse; 53@58c for good tub washed; 45@48c for inferior do; 45@48c for extra Western pulled, and 32@40c ₩ lb for No. 1 Western pulled, according to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1750 head. The prices realized from 16½@17 cts ₩ lb. 200 Cows brought from $50 to 70 ₩ head. Sheep—4000 head were disposed of at from 6½@6¾c ₩ lb. 2500 Hogs sold at from $10,00@11.25 ₩ 100 lbs.

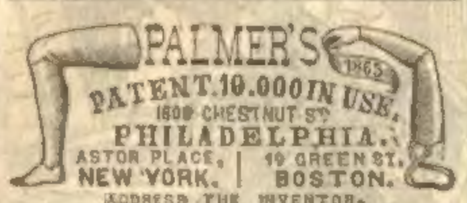
Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

☞ Female suffrage has recently been extensively discussed in the Kansas Legislature, and it has recently come out that a member of the Kansas Senate, who had been strongly advocating female suffrage, got a letter on the subject from his wife. Said his tender-hearted spouse, "Sam, don't make a fool of yourself."

☞ Brigham Young holds that in due time the Indians will be called into a state of grace, become white in color, and act as a nation of priests!



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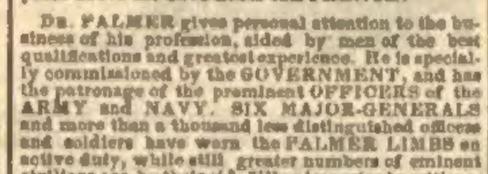

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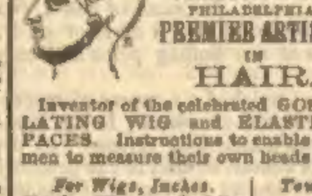

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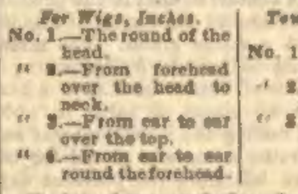

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HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,

WILL CURE

Debility! Debility!

Resulting from any cause whatever.

H

PROSTRATION OF THE SYSTEM

INDUCED BY

Severe Hardships, Exposure, Fevers.

OR

DISEASES OF CAMP LIFE.

SOLDIERS, CITIZENS, MALE OR FEMALE, ADULT OR YOUTH,

Will find this Bitters a pure Tonic, not dependent on bad liquors for their almost miraculous effects.

O

DYSPEPSIA,

And Diseases Resulting from Disorders of the Liver and Digestive Organs,

ARE CURED BY

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

This Bitters has performed more Cures, gives better satisfaction, has more testimony, has more Respectable People to vouch for it, than any other article in the market.

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We defy any one to contradict this assertion, and

WILL PAY $1,000

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HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,

WILL CURE EVERY CASE OF

Chronic or Nervous Debility

AND

DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS.

F

Observe the following Symptoms, resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs:
Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and great Depression of Spirits.

L

REMEMBER,

That this Bitters is not Alcoholic, contains no rum or Whiskey, and cannot make Drunkards, but is the Best Tonic in the World.

READ WHO SAYS SO.

[From the Rev. W. D. Seigfried, Pastor of Twelfth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.]

Gentlemen:—I have recently been laboring under the distressing effects of indigestion, accompanied by a prostration of the nervous system. Numerous remedies were recommended by friends, and some of them tested, but without relief. Your Hoofland's German Bitters were recommended by persons who had tried them, and whose favorable mention of these Bitters induced me to try them. I must confess that I had an aversion to Patent Medicines from the "thousand and one" quack "Bitters," whose only aim seems to be to palm off sweetened and drugged liquor upon the community in a sly way, and the tendency of which, I fear, is to make many a confirmed drunkard. Upon learning that yours was really a medicinal preparation, I took it with happy effect. Its action, not only upon the stomach, but upon the nervous system, was prompt and gratifying. I feel that I have derived great and permanent benefit from the use of a few bottles. Very respectfully yours,
W. D. SEIGFRIED, No. 254 Shackamaxon St.

A

[From the Rev. E. D. Fendall, Assistant Editor Christian Chronicle, Philada.]

I have derived decided benefit from the use of Hoofland's German Bitters, and feel it my privilege to recommend them as a most valuable tonic, to all who are suffering from general debility or from diseases arising from derangement of the liver.
Yours truly, E. D. FENDALL.

[From Rev. D. Merrige, Pastor of the Passyunk Baptist Church, Philada.]

From the many respectable recommendations given to Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I was induced to give them a trial. After using several bottles I found them to be a good remedy for debility, and a most excellent tonic for the stomach. D. MERRIGE.

[From Rev. Wm. Smith, formerly Pastor of the Vincentown and Millville (N. J.) Baptist Churches.

Having used in my family a number of bottles of your Hoofland's German Bitters, I have to say that I regard them as an excellent medicine, specially adapted to remove the diseases they are recommended for. They strengthen and invigorate the system when debilitated, and are useful in disorders of the liver, loss of appetite, &c. I have also recommended them to several of my friends, who have tried them, and found them greatly beneficial in the restoration of health.
Yours truly, WILLIAM SMITH,
960 Hutchinson Street, Philada.

N

Rev. J. S. Herman, of the German Reform Church, Kutztown, Berks County, Pa., was cured of Dyspepsia of twenty years standing.

A. M. Spangler, Editor of the *Culturist*, No 23 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, says this Bitters was recommended to him by a medical friend, and six bottles cured him of complete prostration of the nervous system.

Rev. Thos. Winter, D.D., Pastor of Roxborough Baptist Church:
Rev. Levi G. Beck, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Pemberton, N. J., formerly of the North Baptist Church, Philadelphia, at present Pastor of the Baptist Church, Chester, Pa.:
These gentlemen express, in the strongest terms, their favorable opinion of this Bitters.

D

Beware of Counterfeits!

☞ See that the signature of "C. M. JACKSON" is on the wrapper of each bottle.

☞ Should your nearest Druggist not have the article, do not be put off by any of the intoxicating preparations that may be offered in its place, but send to us, and we will forward, securely packed, by express.

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The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached directly by the cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway. Those of the Chestnut and Walnut Street Railway run within one square of it.

On Sundays—The Market Street cars leave Front and Market Streets 35 minutes before the departure of each train.

Mann's Baggage Express will call for and deliver Baggage at the Depot. Orders left at the Office, No. 631 Chestnut Street, will receive attention.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

MAIL TRAIN	at	8.00	A.M.
PAOLI ACCOM., Nos. 1 & 3,		10.00	A.M.
		11.20	P.M.
FAST LINE & ERIE EXPRESS	at	12.00	M.
PARKESBURG TRAIN	"	1.00	P.M.
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	"	2.30	"
LANCASTER ACCOM.	"	4.00	"
PITTSBURG & ERIE MAIL	"	9.00	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	"	11.00	"

Pittsburg and Erie Mail leaves daily, except Saturday.

Philadelphia Express leaves daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

Passengers by Mail Train go to Williamsport without change of cars, and arrive at Lock Haven at 8.10 P.M.

Passengers by Mail Train go to Carlisle and Chambersburg without change of cars.

Sleeping Car Tickets can be had on application at the Ticket Office, 631 Chestnut Street.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS	at	12.50	A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	"	7.10	"
PAOLI ACCOM., Nos. 1 & 3,		8.20	A.M.
		7.10	P.M.
PARKESBURG TRAIN	at	9.20	A.M.
LANCASTER TRAIN	"	12.40	P.M.
FAST LINE	"	1.30	"
DAY EXPRESS	"	5.50	"
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	"	9.50	"

Philadelphia Express arrives daily, except Monday.

Cincinnati Express arrives daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

Passengers leaving Lock Haven at 7.00 A.M., and Williamsport at 9.40 A.M., reach Philadelphia, without change of cars, from Williamsport, by Day Express, at 5.50 P.M.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All Baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.

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An Emigrant Train runs daily, except Sunday. For full particulars as to fare and accommodations, apply to
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NASBY'S "Andrew Johnson's Comic Life and Western Trip." It's rich, contains 40 "Kurus Kuts." 100,000 sold. Mailed free, 10 for $1; 100 for $8; single copy 20 cents. Address HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, N. H. mar2-2t

$30,000.
FOR A FORTUNE, AND NO DECEPTION.
Address HARRIS BROTHERS, Boston, Mass.
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A HEAVY BEARD
In five weeks is warranted those who use Russell's ITALIAN COMPOUND. It will not injure the skin and *never fails*. Sent, closely sealed, and post-paid, for 50 cents. W. C. RUSSELL & CO., Watertown, New York. jan19-3m

WHEELER & WILSON'S
HIGHEST PREMIUM
LOCK STITCH
WING MACHINES,
No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
Philadelphia Agency, No. 704 Chestnut St.

These Machines are now sold, with valuable improvements, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	62
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	65

No. 2 Machine, with

Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	82
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a Premium for The Lady's Friend and The Saturday Evening Post—*see Prospectus*. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

DEACON & PETERSON,
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FRIGHFUL EXECUTION!

is done upon thousands of grey heads, by endeavoring to darken them with metallic dyes that

Scorch and Blast

the fibres from tip to root. ☞ Avoid these horrible

DISFIGURING AGENTS,

and use only the great toilet staple of America,

CRISTADORO'S EXCELSIOR DYE,

which not only instantaneously produces all shades of black and brown, but also nourishes, strengthens and beautifies the hair.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
No. 6 Astor House, New York.
Sold by Druggists. Applied by all Hair Dressers.
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BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

These Pills are safe and sure. They are prepared by a process which secures all the best qualities of the herbs of which they are composed, without any of their bad. They benefit in all cases, and do harm in none.

See B. BRANDRETH is in white letters on the Government stamp. mar2-eow3t

LAUGH AND GROW FAT.—Tom Brown's JEST BOOK. 10,000 sold weekly. The greatest thing out. Sent, post-paid, together with my catalogue of humorous books. Price 20 cts. Address T. M. FLINT, Hyde Park, Pa. mar2-3t

$25 A DAY! Fifteen new articles for Agents.
O. T. BARRY, Biddeford, Maine.
mar9-3m

WIT AND HUMOR.

Had Done Enough.

A Revolutionary soldier was running for Congress, and his opponent was a young man who had "never been to the wars," and it was the custom of the old Revolutionary to tell of the hardships he had endured. Said he: "Fellow-citizens, I have fought and bled for my country. I helped to whip the British and the Indians. I have slept on the field of battle with no other covering than the canopy of Heaven. I have walked over the frozen ground till every footstep was marked with blood—" Just about this time one of the sovereigns, who had become greatly interested in his tale of sufferings, walked up in front of the speaker, wiped the tears from his eyes with the extremity of his coat tail, and interrupted him with: "Did you say you had fout the British and Injins?" "Yes, sir." "Did you say you slept on the ground while serving your country, without any kiver?" "I did." "Did you say your feet covered the ground you walked over with blood?" "Yes," replied the speaker, exultingly. "Well, then," said the tearful sovereign, as he gave a sign of tearful emotion, "I guess I'll vote for t'other fellow, for I'll be blamed if you ain't done enough for your country."

Birds of Feather.

A few days ago a Committee of the Illinois Legislature visited the Insane Asylum at Jacksonville. A rather amusing incident occurred while the Committee was going through the buildings. One of the honorable members from Cook county was among the party. One of the insane men, who had evidently been something of a politician, approached the Chicago legislator, and said:

"Ah, how do you do, sir? You got elected at last, didn't you?"

The honorable drew himself up with a consequential and patronising air, and said:

"Oh, yes, I got elected."

The crazy man replied:

"Yes, you did. A great many blamed scoundrels are getting elected now."

Another insane fellow said to his brother lunatic:

"Why, you know that man?"

"Oh, I know him," says the other.

It was noticed that the member did not speak to another lunatic during his entire stay.

Appropriate Prayer.

One of the honorable members of Congress from Indiana, though a "member in good standing" of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is not very much of a "praying man," and not a very frequent attendant at class meetings. Being present once at such a meeting, rather by accident than otherwise, he was called on by the class leader to close the exercises by prayer. Before he had time to decline the invitation, the people—rather anxious, probably, for a conclusion of the services—were on their knees, all expectant of the closing prayer. The honorable gentleman, thus concerned, delivered himself of a very brief supplication, as follows: "Oh, Lord, bless this church, its pastor, and its membership. Bless, especially, the class meeting, and above all, give them a leader competent to select a man suitable to close the meeting with prayer!"

What is Cod Liver Oil?

The Bridgewater Gazette, a New England journal, says that a physician in that place was recently called to prescribe for a somewhat illiterate old lady, and as cod liver oil, in his opinion, was the remedy for her complaint, he wrote a prescription for the apothecary to put up, with the latin formula, "Ola. Jec. Asc.," being an abbreviation of "Oleum Jecoris Asselli," or, in plain English, cod liver oil. The medicine was procured, taken, and in a few weeks the lady completely recovered her health. A neighbor paid her a visit after her recovery, and, expressing surprise at her improved condition, inquired the secret of so rapid a restoration. "Why," said the old lady, lifting both hands in grateful enthusiasm, "it was that *beautiful* medicine, the *Oil of Jackass*, that brought me on my feet again!"

Quaker Stories.

An old Quaker went into a dry-goods store and inquired of the proprietor for an article that was kept on the other side of the store. The store-keeper, instead of going across the room, spoke to a saleswoman who was seated behind the opposite counter. "Abby, show this gentleman what he wants." The Friend stepped across and said, "So thy name is Abby; I have seen that name in the Bible." "Ah," replied the lady, "I was not aware of its being a Bible name." "Why," said the old gentleman, "didn't thee ever read of Abby Father?"

Once, speaking in meeting, he attempted to quote Scripture, and made out as follows: "I am the true vine, and ye are the branches, and my Father is the husband of 'em." Even the sedate Friends could not help smiling.—*New Bedford Standard.*

A Breech-Loader.

A young lady residing in the city of Hamilton, C. W., committed rather a funny mistake a few days ago. Taking considerable interest in military affairs, she frequently listened to discussions on subjects connected with the service, and among the rest the all-absorbing topic of breech-loaders, to which she paid a great deal of attention without properly comprehending it. A short time since one of the 100th regiment paid a visit to the city, and the roads being sloppy, wore a pair of regulation leggings. This young lady espied the officer coming down the street, and fancying she had made a grand discovery, called out to some female acquaintances, "Oh, girls! come here, quick! here is an officer with a pair of breech-loaders on!"

Moral Character.—During a brief term of court held by Judge Hall, at Martinsburg, Va., several applications were made for naturalisation papers. Among the applicants was a native of "Faderland." He took with him a German friend to prove his residence in the country. Of this witness the judge asked,—

"Do you know the applicant, Mr. ——?"

"Yeah, I well knows him."

"Is his moral character good?"

"Oh, yeah, yeah, Shudge, he's all right—he votes mit us!"

The judge could scarce repress a smile at the answer to his question.

HERE YOU SEE

The most successful amateur musical party of the season. Pianos, harmoniums, &c., provided regardless of expense. Every amateur performing at once. Choice of music optional to each. No one compelled to listen to any one. Never enjoyed themselves so much in their lives. Jubilant old man, in the middle, stone deaf; cause of his jubilation unknown. Hostess looking after supper. Host smoking quiet cigar in the kitchen.

[*Our artist apologises if any of the instruments are incorrectly drawn. The only instrument he can either draw or play upon correctly is the "bones."*—(*He came late, and left early.*)

A Locomotive.

In a certain Sabbath-school the superintendent made a powerful appeal to the scholars to be active and useful, and among other things he told them they should all be locomotives, each taking along his train to heaven. The next Sabbath, just as the school opened, in came one of the best and most zealous boys with thirteen new scholars behind him, and went up the aisle uttering a noise—choo, choo—imitative of the engine, to the amazement of the superintendent and scholars.

"What does this mean?" asked the astonished superintendent.

"Why," said the boy, "you said we must all be locomotives, and here I am, with thirteen cars behind me."

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Seasonable Sense.

A great many sensible things may be so out of season said and done as to render them not only devoid of common sense, but really ridiculous. Planting corn in December, cucumbers in January, and sleigh-riding in summer, are out-of-season enterprises. So are published essays on curing clover coming before the rural reader in late autumn, on fall ploughing, three months after the fall ploughing season has passed, winter feeding of stock and general stable and barn economy, in dog days, directions for building ice houses in April, and the thirty thousand out-of-season, earnestly instructive articles filling the columns of the majority of all our agricultural journals at all seasons of the year, making a hotch-potch as incongruous as Andy Mickle's stew—containing every thing in the market and three catfish.

These six years past we have been much among that better class of farmers who most patronize agricultural journals. Observing closely, we have learned how such papers are very generally read. The farmer, like all other men of sense, reads—first, for instruction; secondly, for amusement. Like a sensible man, he expects to be seasonably instructed; and coming in his paper, in mid-winter, upon an article headed—How to cut and cure timothy, or in summer time upon one upon tobacco culture, he passes them with a mental, and often enough, vocal—"Pshaw! Why didn't they write and print these things at a proper time? Can't bother my head keeping them in it till the year comes round," and in eight cases out of every ten the farmer, being a man of sense, will read out the story department for amusement, if the journal has such a feature, rather than lumber up his brain with material that must lie there unenergized, perhaps for months, and in the majority of cases, would be totally lost under an accumulation of newer ideas, long before the season arrives for putting in practice such untimely hints.

By such unseasonableness four-fifths of all the practical material published—sensible and sound, in season, is absolutely lost, or fails of its best effect; and the agricultural journal that will first inaugurate an imperative rule of publishing *only* seasonable articles, will show itself the true friend of farmers, and insure for itself a comfortable favoritism extending far and wide.

City Railroad Manure.

We have been giving three days to an investigation, along the lines of our most travelled city horse-car tracks, since the snowing and salting season set in. The result of said investigation accompanied by several experiments is a positive conviction that our city passenger railroads are making more really valuable manure, laid out all along their lines of travel, than their stables, with all the livery establishments in town added, will produce. Not so much in bulk of course; but in the fine ground, manipulated, thoroughly mixed compost of salt, snow, iron, earth, ashes, dust, *debris*, and divers disintegrated odds and ends with which the streets of our "clean city" are defiled—twenty times more valuable than any ordinary stable manure, because concentrated, almost all fertility, and prepared for immediate action; whereas the other is crude, raw, rank, requiring months to rot into a reasonable fertilising agent, and at the best is about ninety per cent. water.

Our city railroad people are not nearly so economical as they imagine, in salting so liberally as they do. It is true they melt snow into slush something suddenly; and salt off iron both from rails and car-wheels, about fifteen times faster than the natural wear and tear, of which fact they may easily enough assure themselves by just such experiments and investigations as we have been making. However, whether they take any action in the premises or not, our farmers and "truck" gardeners living within ten miles of town, will find it to their interest to take early action towards securing this concentrated, composted manure, made in large quantities along all our salted railway lines.

Grinding Tools.

More than half of all the wear and tear, breakage, and bother of dull tools, comes from a lack of a proper knowledge and practice in grinding. All steel, however highly refined, is composed of individual fibres laid lengthwise in the bar, held firmly together by cohesion, and in almost all farm implements of the cutting kind, the steel portion which forms the edge, is from a section of a bar, laid in and welded to the iron longitudinally; so that it is the side of the bundle of fibres, hammered and ground down, that forms the edge. Hence, by holding on the grind-stone all edge-tools, as axes, drawing-knives, knives of reapers, scythes, knives of straw-cutters, &c., in such a manner that the action of the stone is at right angles with the plane of the edge—or in plainer words, by holding the edge of the tool square across the stone, the direction of the fibres will be gradually changed, so as to present the ends instead of side as a cutting edge. By grinding in this manner, a finer, smoother edge is set, the tool is ground in less time, holds an edge a great deal longer, and is far less liable to "nick out" and break. Farmers will do well to bear these hints in mind, and act accordingly always in grinding scythes, cutlery, and knives of reapers and fodder cutters.

Sure Shot for Asthma

In one day, and that the day before yesterday, we saw two friends tied up in-doors, one tipped back in a great arm-chair, both suffering tedious torments from that awful disease asthma; and as between this time and warm weather, there will be a great many more such sufferers scattered all over the country, it seems a very suitable time to Pour several thousand persons in the manner of preparing a cheap, pleasant, sure remedy for the terrible tormentor:

Take first two quarts of rain, spring, or any pure, soft water. Heat to just the boiling point in a tin saucepan or lined kettle, having a close cover. Then dissolve in the water four ounces nitrate of potash, (saltpetre,) and add say three ounces of tincture of benzoin. Then take of sage leaves, say one ounce, and a like quantity of bella-donna, digitalis, peppermint, and *datura stramonium*. Steep these in the water, simmering slowly two hours. Set the decoction by, and when cool, immerse in it several sheets of common tissue or blotting paper, letting them remain in the infusion from twelve to fifteen hours. Then dry carefully, and cut the paper into small squares that can be packed into some sort of tin box as nearly airtight as possible, and conveniently carried in the pocket.

When the premonitory symptoms of asthma appear, have a pipe always at hand, charge it with the prepared paper, and whiff away vigorously. It will very soon be smoked out. For severe attacks, save the liquid, saturate two or three folds of soft red flannel in it and apply as hot as it can be borne to the throat and breast.

Prepared Glue.

During the inevitable hours of winter idleness, is a capital time for farmers and all sorts of country people to hunt out, repair, and mend up over so many broken and fractured implements and articles that are useless as they are; but with a few minutes' labor and a dab of good glue may be made as good as new.

An article of prepared glue, always ready for any emergency, better than "Spaulding's" or any other man's, that will last good forever with a little precaution, may be made by dissolving common neat's foot glue in common spirits—pretty poor whiskey for instance—in the proportion of two pounds of glue to half a gallon of liquor. As soon as the glue is all dissolved it is fit for use, and will remain so as long as the the jug or can containing it is kept closed so as to prevent evaporation.

With a brush, lay on a light lick of the liquid glue, bind the parts fairly and closely together with a strong string, and in five or six hours the glued break will be as firm and strong as any other part of the article. Please remember, and make up a bottle or two.

Gathered Grains.

—— Over in Jersey they are going to reclaim and bring into service 200,000 acres of swamp and marsh land this year. The majority of it will go into cranberries, and put 40 per cent. per annum into proprietor's pockets.

—— In Paris they eat 8,000 tons of cheese in a year. Rarebits are not very rare in French bills of fare.

—— Great Britain has since the "stamping out" of the rinder pest, 8,716,376 horned cattle and 26,376,993 sheep.

—— Several years ago, by somebody's order, a lot of camels were introduced into this country. They did as well as they could under all manner of neglect and abuse, and several of the survivors are doing famously yet in the freighting business between Virginia City and Austin, Nevada.

—— In Middleburg, Vermont, somebody sold the other day 12 young ewes for $1,000 each; one young ram brought $2,000. Rather high priced mutton.

—— The last *bon ton* Parisian banquets have courses of horse, snails, shark, frogs, and fricasseed rats. Hoptoads will likely be Monsieurs next step in civilization.

RECEIPTS.

Baked Fish.—After washing, a shad is wiped dry, inside and outside, next buttered, salted and peppered, with bread crumbs, a little chopped parsnip and the juice of half a lemon squeezed on the outside; then place in a bake-pan and put in the oven.

Halibut, haddock, cod, or other fish, do the same way. Eat with cream of flour, butter, &c.

Boiled Fish.—Take a fish of dark flesh. Put in a pan and just cover with cold water, two or three slices of carrot, the same of onion, two stalks of parsley and thyme, a clove of garlic. After it arrives at the boiling point boil only two minutes.

Maccaroni.—I weighed six ounces of maccaroni, and broke it in short pieces; I then washed it in hot water, and then scraped well the outer part of the cheese, so that it was perfectly free from spot or speck; six ounces of this was then grated with a coarse grater. The maccaroni was put on to boil in *boiling water*, in which was a piece of butter the size of a hazel nut, and about an ounce of salt. In about twenty minutes boiling the maccaroni was soft. Some melted butter sauce was placed for use, which had been left from the previous day's dinner, or otherwise some must have been made of one ounce of butter and a little milk, water, and flour. A layer of cheese was placed in the *bottom* of a well-buttered shallow pie-dish, then a layer of maccaroni; over this was poured a little of butter sauce, then a layer of cheese, and again of maccaroni and butter, till the dish was full; lastly was a thick layer of the grated cheese, and then the butter sauce, and some tiny bits of butter were placed on the top. The whole was then baked in a hot oven for three-quarters of an hour, until the cheese was of a light golden brown. Care was taken not to serve it at table *too* hot. Thus, for a moderate cost, a handsome and always welcome dish is obtainable. The crust of cheese cannot be made use of in any other way.—*Mrs. Warren.*

Roast Fillet or Veal.—Take out, or ask the butcher to do so, the bone from the centre, and fill the cavity with a stuffing of bread crumbs, nice salt pork, an onion, sweet herbs, and pepper and salt to taste, all chopped up together until thoroughly blended; with the remainder fill all the interstices and fasten with skewers; cover down in a bake-pan with a teacupful of water, for an hour and a half, basting occasionally, then remove the cover and roast until it becomes a rich brown.

Charlotte Russe.—One ounce of gelatine, two tablespoons of water, on the fire to melt. Beat one pint of pure cream in a bowl till it is thick or frothy. Put in two tablespoons of sugar and stir. If your cream is not very thick you may add the melted gelatine. Flour or not, as suits you.

Line the bottom of a tin mould with sponge cake, baked thin and flat for the purpose, and also the sides. Pour in the cream described above, and set aside, or on ice, till cold. If you desire you may take off the top crust, and substitute for it cream remverse or patisslere, or any other cream.

To Purify River or Muddy Water.—In a quart of warm water dissolve an ounce of alum, and stir it about in the proportion of a teacupful to each gallon. The impurities present will settle at the bottom, and the water will in the course of a day be quite clear.

To Remove Fur from Kettles.—When the fur (or lime) collects on the inside of a kettle, fill the kettle with water, and put into it a quarter of a pound of Spanish whiting. Boil it for an hour, or until the lime is entirely removed.

THE RIDDLER.

☞ We should be very much obliged to our contributors, if, in sending Enigmas, Riddles, &c., they would *always* write with *ink*, not with *pencil*. The answers must always accompany Enigmas, &c.—Editor Riddler.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 72 letters.

My 1, 8, 16, 20, 59, 18, 10, 26, is a poet.
My 63, 72, 4, 6, 9, 15, 29, 68, are found in Egypt.
My 7, 23, 66, 5, 19, 17, 2, was a contemporary of Sir Francis Drake.
My 13, 72, 11, 12, was a mighty city.
My 41, 46, 40, 24, 22, 33, is a mountain in Sacred History.
My 14, 25, 66, 24, 30, 39, 57, 27, was an ancient name for Switzerland.
My 65, 42, 21, 43, 66, 51, 28, 31, is an island famed in history.
My 34, 5, 56, 65, 67, 54, 32, 36, 70, 51, is the name of a flower.
My 55, 37, 63, 35, 45, 61, 18, is a character in Mythology.
My 38, 68, 43, 44, 45, 64, 48, 48, is a country in Africa.
My 60, 62, 46, 58, 17, 30, is a tropical fruit.
My 52, 49, 40, 22, 47, is a kind of a serpent.
My 50, 69, 53, 48, is a city in Italy.
My 56, 52, 66, is a river in England.
My 64, 61, 68, 71, is an exclamation.
My 2, 8, 15, is a fowl.
My whole is a quotation from Shakspeare.

Castle Dangerous, Arcadia. ALEXIA.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 20 letters.

My 20, 16, 18, 2, is to avoid.
My 10, 16, 7, 6, 4, 13, was a severe battle in the west.
My 2, 12, 14, 6, 3, 10, is a beautiful city in Italy.
My 20, 15, 19, 3, 2, was an alluring goddess.
My 8, 6, 17, 19, 13, signifies flowers.
My 1, 19, 7, 4, 6, 3, is a bird.
My 5, 9, 19, 2, is a plant.
My 11, 12, 19, 13, is a musical instrument.
My 13, 12, 19, 7, 10, is a city in France.
My whole is the title of a beautiful engraving.

Hot Springs, Va. H. P. COSBY.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is in peaches, but not in fruits.
My second's in gardens, but not in roots.
My third is in whisper, but not in speak.
My fourth is in Spanish, but not in Greek.
My fifth is in darling, but not in dear.
My sixth is in faded, but not in sere.
My seventh's in soldier, but not in wars.
My eighth is in horoscope, but not in stars.
My ninth is in water, but not in sea.
My tenth is in laughter, but not in glee.
My whole amid green and clinging vines,
A famed fair flower in beauty shines.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required—the least quadrilateral which circumscribes an ellipse whose axes are 20 and 30 feet respectively. J. M. GREENWOOD.

Paulville, Adair Co., Mo.

☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a hill in the form of a paraboloid of revolution, whose perpendicular height is 20 rods, and the diameter of its base is 30 rods. A roadway winds round this hill, from bottom to top, in such a way that it meets all the parabolic arcs drawn through the base and vertex of an angle of 60 degrees.

Required—the nature of the *curve* the road is, and the whole length of the road.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Bought a horse for a certain sum, the cost of keeping him one month was 5 per cent. of the cost price. I then sold him for $105, and gained ⅛ of the whole cost. What did I pay for him? WM. D. MIDDLETON.

Kirksville, Adair Co., Mo.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a benevolent landlord who lowers his tenant's rent like a man who draws up a new code of philosophy? Ans.—Because he reduces it to assist him (a system.)

☞ Why is a prolix clergyman like an aged person? Ans.—Because they both di-late.

☞ When is the best time to read the book of nature? Ans.—When Autumn turns the leaves.

☞ What is the difference between a wife and an editor? Ans.—One acts articles to rights, and the other writes articles to set.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Commodore Nutt and Colonel Small. REBUS—The Outlaw's Daughter—Thalata, Hiram, Eli, Olivet, Ural, Tempest, Lara, Alexandria, Wisconsin, Samuel, Damascus, Asia, Uranus, Goliah, Hiawatha, Thebes, Elizabeth, Rio De La Plata.)

A Bad Memory.—"Mary, do you remember the text this morning?"

"No, papa; I never can remember the text, I've such a bad memory.

"Mary," said her mother, "did you notice Susan Brown?"

"Oh, yes. What a fright! She had on her last year's bonnet, done up, a pea-green silk, a black lace mantilla, brown gaiters, an imitation Honiton collar, a lava bracelet, her old ear-drops, and such a fan! Oh, my!"

"Well, my dear, your memory is improving."

☞ You may wish to get a wife without a failing, but what if the woman, after you find her, happens to be in want of a husband of the same character?